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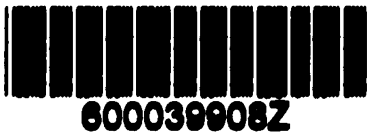
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NAPLES AND SICILY

UNDER THE BOURBONS.

A SERIES OF SKETCHES

BY

MRS. HENRY NELSON FERRYBRIDGE.

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1867.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THESE sketches are no more than what they assume to be. Some of them were intended for the columns of a newspaper, but, diverted from that destination, they were addressed to a friend of the Author's, in England. They are now published because it seems that they contain a class and amount of information not readily acccessible to the mere English reader.

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SKETCHES OF NAPLES AND SICILY,

UNDER THE HOUSE OF BOURBON.

INTRODUCTORY LETTER.

Multitude of books about Naples and Sicily; need for one more. — Connection between the Kings and People of Naples — Antiquities of Southern Italy — Servitude of Italy. — The House of Savoy; character of its Princes. — Plan of this book

Are there not books enough, and to spare, about Naples and Sicily? Undoubtedly—if the object be merely to have books treating upon those countries—we have histories, more or less accurate, more or less extensive, and, to say the truth, rather more than less—dry and uninteresting. We have biographies of kings and generals, which

come under the same category, and we have statistics, on which, as ill-fortune will have it, we have but little reason to depend. Travellers have given us a few sketches, some after nature, and some after imagination; but, after all, we *do* want a book not too heavy to be read, and not too fanciful to be believed. We want a reliable account of the persons of whom we have been so long in the habit of hearing, of a people which possesses so many claims to our sympathy; in short, we want to have princes and people, palaces and prisons, punishments and politics, so brought before us that we may feel as though we had lived among them all our lives.

Will this little book answer the purpose? We hope it will. It will not weary the reader with long disquisitions; it will illustrate by anecdote, rather than by discussion, and it will describe things actually seen by the writer—scenes in which she has taken a part, and characters and persons with whom she has come frequently into contact.

To form anything like a correct idea of the relations between the kings of the two Sicilies, and their subjects, it will be necessary to go back—not to the times of the crusades or the Sicilian vespers —but simply to the beginning of the present century, and to show, by a few brief touches, in what manner the house of Bourbon behaved in Italy, and how a necessity has gradually arisen for the revolution even now not yet completed throughout the south of Italy. Garibaldi is a creation of the Bourbons and the Hapsburghs; a Frankenstein who will, so far at least as Italy is concerned, destroy his creators. The policy originated by Ferdinand I. must be traced through the reigns of his successors, Francis I., Ferdinand II., and Francis II.; and this can be best done to the satisfaction of the English reader, by depicting the men themselves in their daily lives, photographing, so to speak, their habits of thought, and grouping them and their ministers as they actually appeared among their people. Now a photograph will not allow one figure alone to be

taken out of the scene; the whole must be exhibited as it really is, and the necessity of our plan requires, therefore, that the king and the people should be represented together; the lazzaroni king in the midst of those whom he most favoured; the monk-king surrounded by his confessors; and the jailor king with his circle of sbirri.

If, after the revelations of royal folly and royal crime, which will thus be made, any reader should still cling to the old notion of divine right, and join with those who, even in the British Parliament, have called the illustrious Garibaldi, "a filibuster," all that can be said on the subject is that there are none so blind as those who will not see; none so deaf as those who will not hear.

As to the countries, there is really very little known about them. Calabria and the Abruzzi have been less explored than Soudan and Abyssinia; in many parts there are no roads, and, of course, no public conveyances; travelling for ladies is altogether out of the question. The in-

terior of Borneo is as well known in London as the interior of Sicily. Tourists go to Palermo, to Naples, and occasionally to Messina and Syracuse; they visit Vesuvius and Etna, examine Herculaneum and Pompeii; go, if they have a strong classic bent, to Girgenti, and then return home satisfied with their exploits. Yet these countries are full of the most interesting relics; even yet there are cities founded by the Greeks at the time when that portion of Italy was called Magna Grecia, and where, to this day, the language spoken is a dialect of the Greek. There are monasteries built, like some in Albania, on the top of rocks, only accessible by ropes and ladders; whole districts where the general religion is as far from christianity as that of Timbuctoo itself. Besides these, there are Moorish and Norman antiquities in great abundance; and if Sicily does not present as Mohammedan an aspect as Majorca, it is only because she has had a greater variety of masters, and the storm of conquest has swept more vehemently over her hills and valleys.

We talk, or rather those who profess to have studied ethnology, talk of the want of homogeneity in the Austrian empire; but any person who has taken the trouble to travel through the dominions lately ruled over by Ferdinand II. (of glorious memory, as his son calls him), will find that there is quite as much want of homogeneity there; and it is a notorious fact that the king, Italian and even Sicilian as he was, was regarded by the majority of his subjects as a foreigner, quite as much as Francis Joseph by the Venetians, and Queen Victoria by the Hindoo. Indeed it has been the fate of Italy, from the decline of the Roman Empire, to have been never properly speaking, free; there have been times when, for a while

Her tyrants were her countrymen,

But for the most part, even in these cases, it has been a rule that the tyrant came from a far off part of the peninsula, and had no sympathies in common with those whom he governed. Even now the hopes of the country centre in another

such dominion. The house of Savoy has had but a small title till lately to be called an Italian house. The French have not been altogether wrong in saying the Savoyards are more Frenchmen than Italians. Piedmont can hardly be said to extend into Italy proper; and if the spirit of Italian nationality has for many years past been growing and intensifying itself among the Piedmontese people, it has been rather in spite of, than in accordance with, the origin of the race itself. The princes of Savoy have grown strong in their mountain fortresses, and have won and kept the love of their Alpine subjects; they have deserved well of all who have been placed under their rule, for, with few exceptions, they have been a hardy, a chivalric, and an honourable race, watching faithfully over their subjects' interests, adhering to their promises, patrons of art and science, bold in war, merciful in peace, and, in fact, exhibiting an amount of virtue and talent which few royal families can parallel. But it must be admitted that till they became Italian

sovereigns themselves, they were no great friends to Italian liberty; they were willing to play into the hands of the German Kaisars; to allow a free passage through their territories for German troops; and to consider themselves as far more intimately allied with the Empire than with Italy.

Nor were they at all more remarkable for love of constitutional government; they carried out all the principles of the feudal law to their extreme limits; they exercised every right which that system gave them, and aided other princes to do the same, and if they at the same time kept up their own popularity, it was simply because they were brave and open handed, just and lenient, at home. But, attached as they were to the most absolute principles of government, and practically hostile as they were to the freedom of Italy, they had one great virtue; they, like the Tudors in England, knew well how far they might stretch their prerogative without losing the affections of their people, and lessening thereby their real power; at that point they stopped, and there

have been scarcely any of the family who have not deserved the title of patriotic sovereigns. From the time that they took their place among Italian princes, they have exhibited precisely the same regard for Italy which they had previously manifested for Savoy ; "Nostra Itala Corona" was the favourite phrase of Charles Albert, in speaking of his regal authority, and in this patriotic character of the house of Savoy lies no small part of the hope of Italy.

Our own connection with Naples and Sicily forms a most interesting chapter in the history of both nations. If we have aided tyrants, we have also aided constitutional government, and there has been this difference, that as a nation we have done the one ignorantly, and the other with our eyes open. Nelson thought he was really serving people as well as princes. Lord William Bentinck knew perfectly well that he was serving princes as well as people.

In carrying out the design which has already been announced, this book will commence

with a description of the city of Naples and its inhabitants as they were under the late regime; it will proceed, in like manner, to depict police and prison life in the two Sicilies; to describe the habits and manners of the people as they were; and, having noticed the phase of religion which the country presents, touching briefly on its future prospects, it will conclude with a brief biographical sketch of the four princes who have reigned since Charles III.—viz., Ferdinand I., Francis I., Ferdinand II., and Francis II.

LETTER II.

NAPLES AND ITS INHABITANTS.

Beauty of the city of Naples.—Comparison with Constantinople.—Vesuvius.—Description of the city.—The Chiaja and the Villa Reale.—The Toledo.—Number of Churches.—Spanish remains.—Bad state of the paving, lighting, and draining.—Naples well provisioned.—Public conveyances.—Corricoli.—Loss of lives by earthquakes, by executions, and imprisonment.—The Campo Santo, or dei morti.—Neapolitan maxims.—Luxuries and amusements of the people.—Provision for the poor.—Characteristic anecdotes.

VEDI NAPOLI E POI MORI—see Naples and die. Such is the advice given by the popular opinion of this lovely city—intimating that after your eyes have dwelt on its unrivalled beauty, there remains nothing else in the world worth seeing. No one

who has ever beheld it will refuse it the tribute of a most just admiration. I do not, for my own part, think it so fine a sight as Constantinople, concerning which a learned friend of ours told me that the Turks say it is a little piece cut out of Paradise and let down here on earth to show true believers what they are to expect hereafter. Naples, however, is the most beautiful of all Christian cities in its situation and aspect from the sea. It has less foliage about it than the eastern capital, and it lacks the fairy-like effect of the domes and minarets which adorn the City of the Sultan; but, on the other hand, it is infinitely more agreeable as a residence, and the dangerous proximity of Vesuvius gives a variety, and, occasionally, an awful grandeur, to the scene that no other adjunct could supply.

As I look from my window I survey the sea, glittering in sunbeams, mark the white houses stretching away right and left, inhale the fragrance from the Villa Reale, and allow my eye to range over the Bay from Sorento on the south, to Miseno on

the north, embracing in its sphere of vision the islands of Ischia and Procida, and the still more interesting Capri. Behind us rises Vesuvius, now cold and grey, now glowing with innumerable tints, and ever sending up its white, cloud-like smoke. Near the harbour, the Castel del Uovo projects into the sea, and beyond it lies the mole, furnished with convenient seats, and affording a lounge to all the idlers in the city. Here may the lazzaroni be seen to the best advantage; here Punch displays his dramatic powers with most acceptance, and discusses the questions of the day with a freedom which no newspaper would dare to imitate. Unlike his namesake among us in England, he does not confine himself to the same story; he has a comment for the most delicate rumour or the most ticklish point of political interest. Garibaldi's name is frequently in his mouth, and from the tone of his observations, it is quite clear that the attachment of the lazzaroni to the Bourbons is rapidly dying out. Not many days ago I heard, or rather

F—— heard and told me, that Punch had declared that when Garibaldi came, they would all eat their macaroni with cheese, and that the Pizza would come down to half its present price.

But we must leave the house and walk. Not far from the mole rises another fort—the Castel del Carmine, used like that of del Uovo for a prison, and a little beyond this is the market place. There are not many squares or piazze (largos, they are called here), and only one—that in which the royal palace is situated—that has any pretensions to architectural beauty. The streets are, for the most part, straight, but narrow. They have nothing to attract the rambler, even when the weather is fine; but a little rain makes them filthy, and after a heavy shower they are absolutely impassable. But this is a matter of much less consequence than would at first seem to be the case, for there are only three streets in the city that any stranger cares to see, and walking on foot is not the correct mode of progression, even in these.

Naples is built in the form of an amphitheatre, and as the ground ascends gradually from the sea, there are a certain number of straight streets, following the slope of the ground, and a certain number running round the line of the bay. The outer, or seaward, row, extends nearly five miles, and of these, the principal promenade—it can hardly be called a street—the Chiaja, occupies about one. This is the best part of the city. Most of the chief palaces are situated in it, and as there is nothing between it and the sea but the Villa Reale, a magnificent walk, planted with every variety of tree that will grow in Naples, it is both the pleasantest and the healthiest portion of the city. Here, too, are the best hotels. Besides the Chiaja, there is the Strada de Toledo, commonly called The Toledo, and the Forcella. The first of these is the principal seat of business. Here are the best shops, and a few of the palaces and hotels. It opens on the Piazza del Palazzo Reale, and runs in a straight line, due north, through the centre

of the city for somewhat more than a mile and a half. The Strada del Tribunali is the Lincoln's Inn of Naples—it is mainly devoted to law.

Having seen these three streets, unless it be to visit some church or gallery in a corricolo, the foreigner in Naples does not give himself the trouble to explore the rest. The Strada della Porta Capuaza will present some pictures of life more remarkable than pleasant; but the rest are all too much alike to require any separate notice. If Naples were not so peculiarly a city *sui generis*, that is, like no other town, I should say that the Toledo resembled the Boulevards of Paris; in fact it does so as much as a Neapolitan street can be like a French one. At one end is the Palazzo Reale, and at the other the Mercatello, terminated by the Royal Academy. The street is wide, the houses lofty, the shops brilliant, and the crowd as great, and much more noisy, than any that Paris can exhibit.

If I were writing a guide book I should give you a much more minute descrip-

tion of the city. I will merely add here that there are in all quarters traces of the Spanish dominion to be seen, and the names of many of the streets and places seem to keep it in remembrance. There is the Strada di Toledo, the Strada del Conte Olivarez, and the Strada Medina, among many others. Travellers take so much pains to represent Naples as all *couleur de rose*, that I am rather sorry to say that it has very great disadvantages. It is insufficiently lighted, and the gas-fittings are so bad that the gas is continually escaping, so as to be a source of much discomfort, and a perpetual cause of accidents. The paving is about the worst in Europe, and the drainage extremely incomplete. Evil odours are more abundant in Naples than in any other Italian city, and the warmth of the climate at once adds to their number and intensifies their quality. I have heard a story of a Neapolitan who, in days past, had wandered so far north as Edinburgh, and gone to sleep under a wall; he was awakened by the practice which at

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the *gourmand*. The oysters of Frisaro are equal to those of Milton or Faversham, or the Rocher di Cancale; and macaroni—there is no need to discuss the macaroni of Naples. Now all these are, undoubtedly, advantages, and to counterbalance them, I am obliged to confess that Naples is an ill-built, ill-paved, ill-lighted, ill-drained, ill-watched, ill-governed, and ill-ventilated city. If you look at it from the sea, it is most beautiful; if you enter from the south, over the bridge of Santa Madalena, you will have a favourable impression; if you keep to the Chiaja—which is quite the west end, and ought not to be called the city at all, for the whole mass of buildings lies to the north-east—if you keep to the Chiaja and the Strada de Toledo, and one or two more of the principal streets and places, you may preserve your first impressions; but if you wander extensively on foot you will say of Naples what is frequently said of Constantinople.

"But," you will say, "how are we to get a peep at the three hundred churches, so many of

which are fine, and the innumerable objects of interest scattered about?"

The reply comes at once,—"take a corricolo; you will see the city, and improve your acquaintance with the people at the same time."

"And what is a corricolo?"

"It is the calesa, or cabriolet, of the place. You pay twelve grani—rather less than sixpence—for a course anywhere within the city; if you take it by the hour, you pay double that sum for the first hour, and eighteen grani for the second, or any part of it, so that your driving about will not cost you much; but then you must be neither surprised or displeased if you have a few lazzaroni hanging on, in every conceivable manner. It is their birth-right; and it is said, and I believe with truth, that one of the causes which led to the alienation from the ex-King on the part of the lazzaroni is, that the government had slightly interfered with this right. Gentlemen not unfrequently derive a good deal of amusement, especially if they thoroughly understand the Neapoli-

tan *patois* from their temporary companions on the corricolo, just as is the case in Ireland from the drivers of the cars—only you have the car to yourself in Dublin. Of course a lady never goes in a corricolo, but there are neat *citadines*, at one third greater fares; so that walking is rarely necessary for those who can afford to visit Naples at all. I have sometimes seen as many as fifteen persons hanging on and seated and standing on a corricolo, and the whole affair is so well-balanced, that the horse seemed to be by no means overweighted. The pace at which they go is most reckless, and it is a wonder that the accidents which do happen are not a thousandfold more numerous. The drivers do not seem to take the slightest heed of the children stumbling about in their way, or of the crowds engaged, as they always are, in shrieking, singing, dancing, and gesticulating in every possible way. "However," as the driver of a corricolo said to F—— the other day, "the blessed saint Janu-

arius takes care of his own, as he is bound to do."

From what I have already said, you may obtain a tolerable idea of Ex-King Bombino's late subjects, and if you do not form a very high estimate of them, you will still be sorry to learn how little is the value of human life in this kingdom. What with earthquakes and volcanic eruptions; with plague and cholera; with police, and prisons, and executions; with battle, and murder, and sudden death; with want of drainage and ventilation, the average duration of life here—that is, in the city—is far shorter than in any other capital in Europe. By earthquakes alone, in seventy-five years, from 1783 to 1857, the kingdom of Naples has lost one hundred and eleven thousand subjects! During the thirty years from 1795 to 1825, one hundred thousand persons perished by the sword, by the hand of the executioner, and in prison, often under torture for political offences, besides those who died from natural but avoidable

causes. It is not to be wondered at that a naturally thoughtless people should grow still more thoughtless—and determined to make the most of a life which is so uncertain.

The hideous Campo, with its three hundred and sixty-five open pits, receiving the bodies of the dead, uncoffined, despoiled of their rich burial dresses, and merely wrapped in a sheet, forms a frightfully-fitting termination to a life without self-respect, and often without public utility. "I felt," says Mr. Reade, writing in 1846, "irresistibly impelled to look into one of these Golgothas. I did so. I could not have imagined a sight so debasing, so mortifying as the naked revealments of mortality there displayed. I saw one ruffian swing a heavy sack from his shoulders, which, with an oath, he deposited by the stone which was open for the day. I turned away before its horrible contents were revealed." It is impossible to think of the Neapolitan people without sorrow. All that surrounds them is so terribly different from what you

habitually behold in England, we can only turn from lamentation to ridicule. Democritus and Heraclitus might have laughed and wept away their lives here with equal reason.

Let us turn to the gayer side. Everybody knows the term *dolce far niente*—the sweet, sunny laziness of the enervating south. There are three maxims here which may be said to embody the practical code of this people:—

I. Never do to-day what you can possibly put off till to-morrow.

II. Never do for yourself what you can possibly get anybody else to do for you.

III. Never pay ready money for what you can possibly get upon credit.

So far as possible these precious maxims are acted up to, but there are many causes which limit their efficacy. It is true that there exists no city in the civilized world where so little real business is done in proportion to the population as in Naples. By way of compensation, what is done, is accomplished with twenty times as much

talking, shouting, and bustling as in any other place, but the practical amount of credit is lessened by the significant fact that of the three hundred and eighty thousand inhabitants, thirty thousand are lazzaroni, and have no fixed residence, and one hundred and seventy thousand more have no regular occupations! A state of things like this would pass an Englishman's understanding, and, were it not that I have the authority of the best staticians for what I say, I should not venture to set down such figures.

It will become a little more intelligible when I remind you that the climate is the finest in the world; of winter, properly speaking, we have none; the slightest clothing consistent with common decency is sufficient for ten months in the year, and during the remaining two a very slight addition will be enough. The habits of the people are temperate and their wants few; their luxuries are a slice of melon and a glass of cold water, and a few grani per day will supply them with all that they re-

quire; their amusements are all gratuitous, and their self-satisfaction supreme. Part of the problem is thus solved, and the rest will present no difficulty when I say that the institutions for the relief of the poor are magnificent; the hospitals numerous and well provided; and the charity of all who can afford it bounded only by their means.

The doctrine that charity, which in Naples means almsgiving, covereth a multitude of sins is a very effective one; the priests inculcate it; it is looked upon as an expiation for innumerable peccadiloes; and I am bound to say that a more liberal public, in this respect, at least, is nowhere to be found. Of poverty, and vice, and idleness, and beggary we have enough and to spare; but absolute starvation is unknown, and nature is so bountiful, that there is little real want.

Just a word or two on the *Albergo dei Poveri*, "the poor house," literally translated; but how different from the institution which bears the name in England. It was founded, like all other good institutions in Naples, Sicily, and Spain, by

Charles III. He intended it to contain fifteen thousand poor persons! About a third of his plan has been completed, but the colossal grandeur of the plan shows what a most enlightened Sovereign thought of his Neapolitan subjects. Comparatively few take advantage of its provisions. In the Albergo, they would have to do something; outside, they may lie in the sun and do nothing! they prefer this, even with rags and hard living. At the same time the institution is not empty; I believe it has given rise to the infant schools in England. Within its walls about seven thousand children are received and taught some trade by which they may get a living when they leave. I cannot say much for their diligence, or for the diligence and skill of their instructors—they are all Neapolitans together; still the attempt is made, and to a certain extent it succeeds.

The deaf and dumb have a hall, and the blind are similarly favoured, and I think more care seems bestowed on these de-

partments than on the rest. The school of art is the worst off, and appears almost wholly to have failed in accomplishing its objects. The Albergo dei Poveri has many dependencies; one of these is the hospital of Santa Maria della Vita, and this is, perhaps, the best managed institution in Naples. This may be partly accounted for by the fact that the administration has been for many years in the hands of an energetic and accomplished Frenchwoman. The hospital is especially devoted to those who have fallen from a high position in life, and is, perhaps, the only institution of the kind in existence.

I shall leave for other letters what I have to say about education and the arts in Naples and Sicily, and shall now only give you an anecdote illustrative of the mode in which the police here interfere with the comforts of the people. You would hardly suppose, from what I have said, that the populace here are one whit too fond of washing; in fact, if they have any fault, it lies rather in the other direction; however, by an extremely

sagacious regulation, no one may carry away so much as a bucket of sea water into the city without a permit from the police. A few days ago some English visitors tried the experiment, but it was not allowed, and one of my neighbours, for whose child a physician had prescribed baths of salt water, had to wait three weeks before the necessary permission could be obtained. In the meantime the child got well without; however, had the poor little creature died, the police would have justified their behaviour all the same. I remember reading in the works of a distinguished traveller, about ten years ago, that at that time the Austrian authorities suddenly shut up all the baths at Venice. I suppose there is some connection between cleanliness and patriotism, and hence the dislike on the part of paternal government to the former. Surely no one was endeavouring to realize the notion of the people in Laputa, as described by Dean Swift, of making gunpowder by the distillation of sea water!

Letter III.

THE LAZZARONI.

What are the Lazzaroni?—Their number and employments.—Favoured by Ferdinand I.—Their dress and diet.—Guides to Pompeii.—Vesuvius the estate of the lazzaroni.—Riots among them at the suppression of Murat's government.

In all great cities there are "dangerous classes," "criminal classes," "rabble," "*canaille*," "mob;" but in Naples these have in some degree attracted to themselves a share of the public favour, an amount of toleration not known elsewhere, and a distinct appellation which, till within the last few days, has not been looked upon as a disgrace. No

one visits Naples without studying, or at least attempting to study, the character and position of the lazzaroni—those pariahs who may be touched without losing caste, whose political leanings have been thought worthy of "distinguished consideration," and whom no one has attempted to educate, simply because they seemed to do so exceedingly well without it.

And what are the lazzaroni? They are not simply the "lower class;" for in a city so vast as Naples there are at least 200,000, who may be so reckoned, and the lazzaroni do not amount to more than 30,000. They are not "the working people," for they practise the *dolce far niente* as much as any of their countrymen; nor are they in any exclusive sense the uneducated, for they know as much as most of their betters. They are a class by themselves, not necessarily beggars, though never failing to beg when anything is to be gained by it; not professedly thieves, though quite unable to resist the temptation of an unguarded pocket; not generally labourers, though they

will not refuse to fish, or to do any very light work which may fall in their way;—they are commissionaires, porters, boatmen, and, above all, idlers; they have no regular business, and many among them have no fixed residence. They are, in fact, waiters upon Providence—all is fish that comes to their net. They have very lax ideas as to the distinction between *meum* and *tuum*, and, by virtue of a great devotion to certain saints, and hitherto an unbounded attachment to the reigning family, conceive themselves to be released from all the obligations of the moral code.

Some fifty or sixty years ago the lazzarone was in all his glory—he had absolutely no restraint; he wore no clothing, or so little that he might just as well have gone without; he would not have scrupled to make his appearance in public in that distinguished costume adopted by a great African monarch, to receive an English captain, viz., a cocked hat and a pair of Hessian boots; he paid no rent, and possessed no furniture; was bound, or what amounted to the same thing, held himself

bound by no law, and lived a life of ease and jollity, without learning and without labour. Then he rejoiced in a Sovereign after his own heart; King Nasone, as Ferdinand I. was called, would come down on the Mole, talk with him, joke with him, buy from him a bird or a fish, and let him cheat if he could; and, above all, he knew that if matters went wrong between Nasone and his people, the lazzaroni would be called in as arbitrators, and would have free license to plunder the city and take all the advantages of their position. So the lazzaroni loved the king, and the king loved the lazzaroni.

It is probable that before many years have elapsed, the whole class will have disappeared; they are already becoming ashamed of what hitherto has been their glory; they have petitioned to be called no longer "lazzaroni," but "popolani." Their existence will be impossible as a class under the rule of Victor Emmanuel; they will become mere isolated vagrants, and will soon be just like the same class in Paris, in

London, and in other great cities. Those travellers who wish to make acquaintance with the friends of King Nasone, and the patrons of King Bomba, will do well to get them to Naples as quickly as may be, seeing that it is by no means unlikely for the history of the order to terminate in some tremendous final scene of plunder and musketry, and for the curtain to fall for ever on the drama of the lazzaroni. At present they may be seen and described. Physically, they are rather a fine race than otherwise; they have for the most part bright eyes and a joyous and good humoured expression of countenance; but they no longer affect a *paradisaic* style of dress, and ragged and tattered as they are, they must be allowed to be very picturesque vagabonds. A sketch of their mode of life will be necessary, to the right understanding of all that may be said or written about Naples. Many old books describe them as swallowing interminable strings of macaroni; but this certainly does not apply to their habits at the present time; they now live on the same kind of

food as the poorer of the people about them—the "pizza," a round, coarse cake, and any cheap fish or vegetable; they may be seen lying about in all public places where the sun shines, following all itinerant exhibitions, carrying a traveller's carpet-bag or portmanteau, and leaping up behind any corricolo that comes in their way; they make up audiences for Polichinello, or for any wandering friar who takes to preaching in the open air; and they are always willing to serve as guides, if they can obtain employment in that capacity. Very few of the class have a fixed abode; indeed, it would generally be held that by so far fixing himself he had lost his right to the title lazzarone, and it will be seen at once that this peculiarity must make his family arrangements somewhat of the loosest. However, there are the young lazzaroni who run about the streets, sleep in all kinds of odd corners, dive in the water for grani, when any one can be found liberal enough to throw them there, and, by gradual practice and continual observation,

qualify themselves for the life of their forefathers. A curious story is told of a lazzarone, who had been engaged by an Englishman to act as a guide to Pompeii. The Englishman wished to copy frescoes, but the "invalid" (invalided soldiers always accompany visitors, to see that no damage is done), informed him that the thing was prohibited. The visitor tried persuasion—in vain; he tried bribery—in vain.

"What must I do?" said he to his lazzarone.

"Go away, Eccelenza, and come again and bring me with you, and you shall copy all the frescoes if you like."

"How shall I manage, then?"

"We will pick out a blind invalid."

The matter was so arranged, and the sketches were taken, but our English friend was so energetic in his denunciation of the errors of the Neapolitan government that the lazzarone recommended the next visit to take place under the escort of a deaf invalid, "For," said he, "though you may escape safely enough, yet I, Eccelenza, shall have

a good chance of being hanged through your want of discretion."

There is another office which they monopolise, and that is carrying visitors up Mount Vesuvius. In this they permit no competition, for without them the traveller must walk, in which case he will suffer considerable fatigue, will stumble frequently, and be generally up to his ankles in fine soft dust. He will be continually picked up by the ragged cohort, which accompanies him, whether he likes it or not, and will be called upon to pay rather more than he would in the first place have done, had he employed a lazzarone with either a sedan or a donkey. If he take a donkey on his own account, then he must hire the lazzarone as well as the donkey, for the animal is carefully trained to obey no stick but that of his master, and, if he elect to be carried up in a chair, there is a chair and the lazzarone to carry him. He must, however, make up his mind to a little skirmishing on the way, for, if there be a stronger party than the one he has engaged, there may be a

fight about his possession. Broken heads are by no means uncommon casualties, and if the traveller be not very discreet, his own may chance to be among the number. He will do well to let the two parties fight it out, and then allow himself to be the property of the victors.

When the ascent is accomplished he will be dragged from point to point, to see such things as his ragged guides consider most worthy of his attention. He will have to pay a paul for a stick to thrust through the ashes and to pull out on fire; and, if he be at all of an experimentative turn of mind, there is no saying how many pauls he will be called on to disburse, first for permission to make experiments, and secondly for the hindrance of his ragged friends in making them. It is well understood that Vesuvius is their landed estate, and that nothing can be done there except according to their will.

I have spoken of this singular class as being unable to withstand the temptation of an unguarded pocket, but they have, never-

theless, certain notions of honesty, or rather of honour, which do them much credit. They may be trusted to carry parcels, and even to clean plate, for which purpose they are frequently employed, and when confidence is placed in them they rarely betray it. They are not altogether destitute of a rough kind of police of their own. Naples is divided into four quarters, and the lazzaroni in each quarter are under the rule of an officer of their own election, called "il capo dei lazzarone," who settles disputes among them, and keeps as much order as the race is susceptible of receiving. In times of quiet this strange rabble is quiet too, but when there is anything like a revolution, or when Vesuvius is dangerously active, the lazzaroni rise to the level of the occasion, and robbery and murder are then permitted occupations.

When Murat's Government had fallen, and the Bourbons were not yet restored, they attempted to pillage the city on a grand scale. They assembled under their *capi*, hired maga-

zines to stow away their booty, and engaged to set all the prisoners at liberty, exacting from them an oath to share in the work of destruction. In the Castel del Carmine alone there were some thousands collected from every part of the kingdom, and these would have formed a powerful reinforcement, not only from their numbers, but from their acrimony against all government. The citizens acted with great promptness and wisdom. They organized a powerful "*guardia municipale*," obtained three or four howitzers and some field pieces, and kept the lazzaroni in check till the arrival of the Austrians. In the Castle del Carmine there was a fearful slaughter among the revolted prisoners, and it is computed that upwards of five thousand were killed among the insurgents. On the following Sunday a troop of lazzaroni marched out to Portici, and demanded that the Castle there should be given up to them as lawful plunder. The commandant assured them that this could not be, for that the whole was the property of their beloved Nasone. They

replied that it had been furnished by Giovachino Murat for himself and his wife, and, therefore, naturally fell to them; and when the Governor insisted on his view of the case, they withdrew in great discontent, declaring that their interests were neglected, their rights invaded, and that they had serious grounds for complaint, adding that if things went on in this way, they would by and bye be told that they were never to have any plunder at all. Perhaps anything more characteristic than this could not be related. It exhibits the opinion of the whole body, of their position and their privileges. It will be a sufficient reply to those rather numerous writers who represent the Neapolitan lazzaroni as being merely what is called "the lower class," and rank with them small tradesmen and regular labourers having fixed abodes, and acknowledging obedience to the laws.

Naples may be said to have been, in three senses, seated on a volcano. It might any hour be reduced to ashes by its terrific neighbour; it might at any

hour be the scene at once of foreign invasion and civil war; and it might, without an hour's preparation, be given up to pillage by a class which knows no restraint, and, under such circumstances, can more than rival the ferocity of the tiger.

Letter IV.

THE NEAPOLITAN CHURCH AND RELIGION.

Low ebb of religion in Naples.—Association of religion and morality.—Anecdote of a guide.—Verdarelli, the brigand.—Choice of a patron Saint.—How to save a Saint from being displaced.—St. Januarius and the liquefaction of his blood.—Legend of St. Januarius, a parallel with that of Shadrach, Meeshach, and Abednego.—Succession of miracles.—Impotence of the Roman Governor.—The festival in 1857; temporary failure of the miracle.—Ill-treatment of a Russian officer.—Specimen of a Neapolitan sermon.

From what has been already said of the Neapolitan Court and people, it need hardly be remarked that religion is at a low ebb among them. There is no place, at least in Europe, where it is more com-

pletely dissociated from all that ought to be its effects. A man in England who desires to be esteemed religious must live a moral life, and keep up a good character. If he be detected in any deviation from moral rectitude, his religion is at once estimated as a mere sham, and with good reason, because all men are agreed as to what the results of true religion must be. It is true, that those who make the largest professions are rarely the most to be trusted, and that pride and avarice, falsehood and malignity, are frequently found to characterise those who would fain be thought the greatest saints; but, then, no one blames religion when such persons are exposed; their faults are rightly enough attributed to the want of it. In Naples, however, no one is expected to be any the more honourable, honest, benevolent, or virtuous, on account of his religion. It may stand in the place of all or any of these virtues, but it does not the less flourish merely because they are all absent. The brigands in Calabria and the Abruzzi were notoriously the most religious of

men; the saints shared with them their booty, and other sinners are found willing to enter into a similar partnership.

During an excursion that F—— made in 1857, he hired a guide, who told him (of course, trusting to his character as an Englishman) that he had been a Carbonaro, and his father before him, and, on being a little pressed, admitted, with some degree of pride, that his father had "served" under Verdarelli. Now, Verdarelli was a most notorious brigand, and F—— was rather anxious to know what his views were on the consistency of a brigand life with the Catholic religion.

"Sir," said Antonio, "as to that, we must all be what we can, Corpo di Bacco! and what's a patron saint for, if one is to be bothered with things like that?"

"Well," said F——"there is a degree of truth, no doubt, in that remark; and who may be your patron saint? The Holy Virgin, I suppose."

"No, Signor, no; the Holy Virgin is good for women, and such like, but Padre Caraccio taught

my father better than that, and I follow his good example," and here the fellow devoutly crossed himself. "He was especially attentive in his devotions to the blessed San Giuseppe, and, as the Padre observed, he could easily get at both our Lord and our Lady through one who was so closely related to both."

F—— tried to show him the awful irreverence of such a notion, but all that he said appeared to be perfectly unintelligible.

Antonio trod in his father's steps, and showed a medal with the head of St. Joseph on one side and that of Pius VI. on the other, which had belonged to his sainted progenitor, and which he devoutly kissed.

The old gentleman had been hanged for the consequences of an unfortunate shot, which he declared was intended to do no one any harm, but which, as ill-luck would have it, brought down an officer of justice.

Antonio was satisfied that his father was in glory, and had not the remotest doubt that in

good time he should join him there, being quite as religious and quite as devoted to San Giuseppe.

It seems to be almost a rule here that the greater the sinner the greater the amount of devotion.

I had occasionally employed a girl, whose irregularities compelled me at least to discharge her; and on my expressing my regret that I could not send for her again, and remonstrating with her on her conduct, she naively replied that she had in her chamber images of the Madonna and St. Anne and St. Clara, and burnt candles before them at proper times; and if ever she did anything that she thought the Virgin would not like, she always covered her up with a shawl.

I suppose I must tell you something about the great saint of the place—St. Januarius—and the liquefaction of his blood, though, of course, the whole matter is thoroughly understood in England. There is no end here to the silent contempt shed on the annual miracle by all the edu-

cated classes, and the devout belief exhibited by all the rest.

First, let me give you, as briefly as possible, the history, or rather the legend of the saint himself, to doubt which would be, in this latitude, a somewhat ticklish jest. Nothing is known of his earlier years; he was descended from an ancient Roman family, and would appear to have embraced Christianity while yet young. In the year 304, he was named to the Bishopric of Beneventum, by Pope Marcellinus, being the first prelate of that see. This position was one of considerable danger; two years before, the tremendous persecution against the Christians by Diocletian and Maximian had broken out, Januarius with his friends, Sosius and Proculus, escaped this danger only to fall into one still greater, when Galerius succeeded to Maximian. Timotheus, prefect or pro-prætor of Campania, a most zealous pagan, was eager to put in execution the old law of Diocletian, which Galerius had revived. He sent for Januarius and his two

deacons, and requested from them a recantation; they, of course, refused. Timotheus trembled with rage, and threatened all three with the most terrific tortures if they would not obey. A furnace was prepared into which the three Christians were thrown, and as in the case of the three Hebrew children, "the flame of the fire slew those men who took up" Januarius, Sosius, and Proculus. Timotheus, who had been on his part threatened with blindness, went to his palace, and expected to hear no more of his three victims; but those who remained on the spot heard celestial music within the furnace, and on the fact being notified to Timotheus, he came back, and, in the midst of a dense crowd of spectators, ordered the furnace to be opened. A few soldiers went forward, armed with pickaxes, and soon made a breach in the wall, but the flames burst out upon them, and destroyed them all.

If I might venture here to interpolate a remark, I should say that it was hard measure

that those who were to take the saint out of the furnace, should have as frightful a death as those who flung him in. However, in a moment, at the sound of a celestial trumpet, the walls of the furnace fell down flat, and the three saints were discovered standing unhurt, surrounded by a heavenly glory, and attended by innumerable angels. Timotheus took to flight, and, after some time, was reassured by being told that Socius and Proculus had disappeared, but that Januarius had quietly walked back to his prison, and was awaiting whatever punishment the governor might think fit to inflict. Timotheus, strange to say, flew into a greater rage than ever; he took measures—very cruel ones, too—to satisfy himself that he had a captive of flesh and blood to deal with, and being clear on this point, he ordered a great festival, announced combats of wild beasts in the amphitheatre, and made up his mind to throw Januarius to the lions. To make his triumph the more remarkable, he succeeded in again apprehending Socius and Proculus, and commanded

that the three should be harnessed to his chariot, and draw it in state from Nola to Puozzoli. They did so, but wings sprang out from their shoulders, and they half killed the unhappy pro-prætor with terror, by the more than railway rapidity of their movements.

At length the moment came for the sacrifice. The King of Armenia was present, the lions and tigers were more than usually ferocious, and the expectation of the populace raised to the highest pitch. The three Christians were brought out, and flung into the middle of the arena; but oh! wonder of wonders! the wild beasts threw themselves at the feet of Januarius and his companions, and displayed the most astonishing mildness. The acclamations of the multitude burst forth with enthusiasm, and more were converted at that moment than by all the previous sermons of the saint. But his threat to the governor had not been forgotten, while gazing in mute wonder on all the miracles around him. A cloud seemed to fall upon him from above, all objects vanished,

and an agony as of burning iron pressed into his eyeballs, reminding him of the menace that the saint had declared against him for his cruelty. He now prayed for relief and promised amendment. The saints threw themselves on their knees, and entreated that his sin might be pardoned, and his affliction relieved; the latter part of their petition was granted at once, and Januarius was permitted to restore to Timotheus his sight, but the mental darkness and hardness continued.

Five thousand more spectators were baptized, but he on whom the chief miracle had been wrought, remained a pagan and a persecutor. He immediately ordered that the three saints should be beheaded with the sword, which sentence was carried into effect on the morning of the 19th of September, A.D. 305. A phial full of his blood was preserved, and he announced by a vision that, on the day of his martyrdom, every year till the end of the world, that blood should liquify, and on other occasions, whenever it might be brought near to his head. At present this

miracle takes place twice a year, sometimes three times, whenever it is thought necessary. In the year 1848 I believe there were four repetitions, but generally there are only two, and the day of the feast is almost always one. I saw it in 1857 myself, and shall very briefly describe, so far as I can, the scene which took place, unquestionably, a very characteristic, if not a very edifying one. For some days previously, nothing had been talked of but the coming festa. F— and myself were resolved to go as quietly and as much like Neapolitans as we could, and we fortunately obtained admission to a tribune or gallery in the cathedral of Santa Clara, in which, save ourselves, were no English or other foreigners. This was not a small advantage, for from causes which will soon become evident, it is not always safe for heretics to be in the midst of so orthodox a crowd as that which fills the cathedral on the day of St. Januarius.

From an early hour in the morning the streets were full; multitudes of devotees were thronging

in from all the surrounding towns and villages; from our windows we looked on the most picturesque, the most motley, but withal, the most good humoured mob I ever beheld. All kinds of costumes, all varieties of colours, and, undoubtedly, all sorts of countenances; the mixture which was thus presented to the eye, I never saw before west of Constantinople. To say that there was much devotion manifested would be absurd, though we were led to expect that we should see abundance of that, such as it was, in the cathedral. We had some difficulty in making our way there, but at last we succeeded, and, as I have already mentioned, secured a good place. The church was gaily decorated, and there was that contrast so often noticed by English travellers in foreign churches, of tawdry gilding and staring tapestry, with the rich mellow hues of the stone and marble; the one so venerable, the other so vulgar; the one inspiring so much reverence, the other so much contempt.

The whole building was filled with a crowd so

compact that, as we looked down from our elevated position, though there was a space near the altar kept for foreigners of distinction, and some dignitaries of the city, and stalls for the Royal family, some of whom were expected, and for the ministers and officers of the Court—yet to us it seemed very problematical, whether they would ever arrive at their reserved seats. I saw two or three Englishmen elbowing their way with great perseverance, and one had a fair, delicate girl with him, rather over-dressed for the occasion, and who seemed to be extremely frightened at her position. I whispered to F— that I would not give much for the reversion of her lace mantle, but he sternly replied that my thoughts ought to be fixed on Saint Januarius, and not on the pomps and vanities of a wicked world. In spite, however, of this rebuke, I kept my eyes open, for your sake, and saw, by and bye, a way made for the King. I shall have to describe Bomba by and bye, so shall only say here that he looked well, and rather fatter than when I saw

him last, and I thought that, though he was trying to get up as good humoured an aspect as possible, I detected glances of distrust and discontent.

I am bound, however, to say that he was received with a general murmur of applause. You are not to imagine that because all this took place in the church, that there was anything like that decorous silence which would be expected in a Protestant country. I do not think anything short of such an eruption as that which destroyed Pompeii, would be able to make the Neapolitans hold their tongues; they talk all day and half the night, and the continual clatter of human voices overpowers all other noises in their sunny city. There went on a perpetual murmur of conversation, not, indeed, in the usual loud tones of the country, but quite as audible as you would hear in a crowded soirée in London, or even Paris. I know, too, that the subjects of these, by no means whispered conversations, were not exclusively, or even chiefly religious; all that would

be said in the market was said in the church, except the chaffering about the price of commodities. All that I saw reminded me of what Old Saint Paul's must have been, before the present magnificent work of Wren stood in the centre of London.

The king, who was accompanied by the then heir-apparent—now Bombino, the exile—was dressed in the full uniform of a general, and his son was similarly attired. The young prince seemed to take little interest in what was going on, his countenance was stolid and impassive, giving no great signs of intellect or force of character. The king dropped his handkerchief, and Bombino hooked it up with a cane, as I thought, and handed it, awkwardly enough, to his father, who took it without any word or gesture of thanks. During all this time there had been going on some sort of religious service. I need hardly say that not a word spoken by the priests at the altar, could be heard in the body of the church. The bursts of music, from time to time thundering

forth from the organ, had a fine effect; and, as the head of the saint was placed on the high altar in a costly shrine, and the crystal vase, containing two phials, near to it, by the Cardinal Archbishop, the shouts of the people quite drowned the pealing of the organ.

The crystal vase is surmounted by a crown, and is said to be of great value. I should have liked to examine it more closely, but we did not venture to leave our tribune, and encounter the pressure of the crowd. The second phial is empty, Charles III. having carried off the contents to Madrid, where the miracle takes place only on the saint's day, as the head is not there for it to be performed as frequently as may be desired. But this is a matter of little moment. Saint Januarius, though very great at Naples, occupies but a small space in the public attention at Madrid. After some time, the king and the royal family left their places, and reverently kissed the phial, which was placed in their hands by the cardinal archbishop, and they then left the church, the

cardinal not remaining long after them; but it was distinctly understood that the miracle had not been accomplished. Gradually the ambassadors, the chief nobility, and many of the foreigners filed off, leaving, however, a sufficient number of the grandees to show that devotion was not altogether confined to the poor. I looked with some attention at the faces of those who were passing round the high altar, but I saw only two expressions, the one of absolute indifference, the other of ignorant fanaticism. Some four hours had now passed, and the miracle being still unperformed a little dissatisfaction began to be manifested, and I was told, though, placed as I was, I cannot vouch for this from my own observation, that the presence of heretics was complained of, and that an English party had been hustled, and rather roughly treated. At all events there was a great amount of confusion; cries and yells, anything but reverential, resounded through the cathedral, and I saw a Russian officer seized by the mob and almost torn in pieces, his epaulettes were pulled

off, and he was dragged out of the church in a most unceremonious way. At last, amidst screams and shouting, and every kind of insult offered to the saint for his tardiness in crowning the wishes of his faithful followers, proclamation was made that the blood in the phial had become liquid! A few of the elevated persons still remaining, drew near to the altar to verify the miracle, and joy reigned supreme throughout the sacred edifice. One man, a Calabrian, who had blasphemously exclaimed, not five minutes before, "*porco di santo!*" "pig of a saint," was now beating his breast and crossing himself in an agony of penitence and delight, and we took the earliest opportunity of escaping, very tired and very famished, to our home. In the evening there was a general illumination, and Naples was considered safe for the present.

You will probably ask me what are the ordinary services of religion? what kind of sermons are most in favour with the Neapolitans? To this I reply that, if you mean the educated classes

of the people, no sermons are in favour; they are, at all events the men, absolute infidels; they believe nothing, except, perhaps, the evil eye, which they call *jettatura*. Nor can this be much wondered at; they are just sufficiently cultivated to see that what among them is called religion, is a thing of priestcraft and imposture, and they are not educated enough to know of anything better. I was told by a young gentleman, of a good old Sicilian family, "In our hearts we are protestants!" Had those words been spoken to one who knew less about the people, what an effect it might have produced by sending off the anecdote hot to Exeter Hall; but I was quite aware of what my young friend meant; he intended to compliment me and F——, but his idea of a protestant was a person who lived morally, but believed nothing! The mass of the people are certainly not protestants, for neither part of the description will attach to them, and they will flock in crowds to hear a favourite preacher.

I went one day to the church of Santa Teresa,

and heard a certain Father Caparato, whose eloquence had been greatly praised. I found a stout, strongly-built man, inclining to corpulence, with a stentorian, but not disagreeable voice; and I soon understood what it was which attracted the masses to his preaching. The Neapolitans are, without any exception, the noisiest people in the world; and Father Caparato was certainly the noisiest of the Neapolitans. They are the most decided buffoons in existence; and he must have been a wonderful buffoon, even in Naples, who could beat the Padre. He was addressing his audience on their generally sinful character,—but especially on their decreasing attention to the Saints. I suppose he knew what he was talking about; but I should have thought Saint-worship quite as flourishing in Naples as it ever had been. In his hand he held a large crucifix, with which from time to time he held conversation, putting the question aloud, and informing the congregation what reply was made.

Much that he said, we should not venture to

transcribe, so wholly intolerable would it appear to an English reader; but some little flowers of rhetoric I may cull for your amusement.

"Oh, Lord! oh Lord! These Neapolitans are not so bad as you perhaps think. They only want to be reminded of their duties; and that's what I am doing. Do you hear"—this is addressed to the congregation—"the blessed Lord does not think he will have much more to do with you. You give nothing—or next to nothing. Our Lady"—here many crossings—"is tired out with you. Her blessed statue won't wink at you any more. She tells all the saints what she thinks of you. Oh! in Rome, now, there *are* devout people. There they give,—there they worship. Why are you not like the Romans? You think only of your pizza and your cucumbers, your fish and your polichinello, and your women. Ah, Signor! you know all hearts! what *are* they thinking about. Hearken! He says that you are thinking of your finery—and—Ah! what else! Never mind,—I

know—sinners that you are. Down on your knees, —down on your knees, I say, directly."

All this is interlarded with groans and contortions on the part of the audience, passionate exclamations and beating of the breast, crossings, bowings, and prostrations, and, on the part of the preacher, by the most vehement gesticulations and threats of everlasting fire. I might go on to tell you of many similar scenes; but one will serve as a specimen.

LETTER V.

THE POLICE AND ITS OFFICERS.

Police under the Bourbons—difference between its theory and practice; tyrannical charges; ludicrous anecdotes.—The wide awake.—Understanding between thieves and police.—The handkerchief and the pocket-book. Power of the Police.—Character of Mazza, his great abilities—Maniscalco an imitator of Mazza.—Parallel between Mazza and Benkerdorf.—League between the clergy and the police.—Continuance of the system till the expulsion of the Bourbons.

NOTHING can be much more inconsistent than the theory and the practice of the Neapolitan police, —the one so enlightened and so gentle,—the other so mediæval and so tyrannical.

Ferdinand II. said, in my hearing, to a distin-

guished Frenchman, "Our code is, as you know, the code of Napoleon, only we have somewhat toned down its severity!"

This strange assertion had just as much truth as was necessary to make the falsehood dangerous.

On the accession of Murat, the French law was proclaimed, and has never been formally repealed; but by a wonderful piece of ingenuity, it has been so "toned down" as to become a convenient instrument of the most atrocious tyranny.

Ferdinand I., on his restoration, tried very hard to restore the ancient disorder of legal affairs; but the people had felt so much the advantage of the system introduced by Murat, that they resisted the king's endeavours, and finally compelled, or induced him, to give up the attempt. Finding that he could not safely repeal, he took the easier way of corrupting,—and, by skilfully adding to the privileges of his subjects, he reduced them to as decided a slavery as under the old law. The first point was to lengthen out the proceedings

by requiring new forms and new investigations at every step. This was announced as a fresh safeguard to the innocent,—a more sure means of convicting the guilty. But as the progress of the enquiry might be extended as long as the judges or the government pleased, and the accused detained in prison all the time, it was obviously a matter of little moment whether he were guilty or not, if there were any design on the part of the authorities he should be withdrawn from public life.

When this advantage was pointed out to Ferdinand I. he is said to have rubbed his hands, and exclaimed "Long life to the new code. It cuts off the cat's tail, and gives her extra claws."

Still further "softenings" required that where more than one person was accused, they should all be present with all their witnesses, before the trial could commence. Thus, if only one person implicated, or supposed to be implicated in any plot or conspiracy, could be found, he might be de-

tained in confinement, under pretext of waiting for the others, even though he had the means of proving his innocence when brought to trial. By another equally skilful enactment the accused was "permitted" to send in a list of witnesses. If it be thought desirable to keep back the trial, nothing more need be done than to inscribe on this list the names of absent persons, or of those too exalted to be summoned,—princes of the blood, ambassadors, or judges. Now, unless it suited the interest of the prisoner to delay his trial, which was doubtless in many instances the case, all these precautions were just so many arms against him, and he might be imprisoned far longer before,—than, save for very great crimes, he could after—his trial. There were several instances of persons, afterwards admitted to be innocent, who were nevertheless incarcerated during the whole reign of Francis I., whose practise throughout his life seemed to be "to do nothing, and do it directly." Nor is this all; thus far the French law was "toned down,"

so as to furnish guarantees for the innocent. Another regulation was just as effectual in apportioning the verdict. We have often felt in our English criminal trials the want of such an intermediate verdict as that of the Scotch "not proven." It unfortunately often happens that though legal proof fails to bring home the offence to the accused person, yet the moral proofs are of the most convincing character. In such a case, where a jury is unable to find the prisoner "guilty," because the kind and amount of evidence required by the law is not forthcoming, yet the verdict "not guilty" is felt as a piece of injustice. It was the declaration that a person was innocent, about whose guilt there could be no manner of moral doubt.

The Scotch verdict "not proven" exactly met the case; and its introduction into the English system of jurisprudence would be universally felt as a boon. Now this middle verdict does exist in Naples, under the analogous form *non constat.* The theory is that the guilty person is punished,

the innocent acquitted, and the culprit clever enough partly to trick justice, does not altogether escape. But, in practice, the case is widely different; the guilty person escapes, if the police desire it; the innocent is kept in prison for years awaiting his trial, and the political prisoner, who cannot even in Naples be convicted, is pounced upon by the government, and either put under surveillance,or actually incarcerated on the ground that, as his guilt is not proven, so neither is his innocence proven.

So different is the theory and the practice of law at Naples.

I am now about to give you a few anecdotes by way of illustration; you will probably think them caricatures, but they rest on very good authority—in one case, on that of Lord Palmerston himself in the House of Commons. The Government seem to have made up their minds that there must be discontent and disaffection in Naples, probably because no one knows better than they that it ought to exist; that by the bad arrange-

ments and intolerable oppression everywhere manifest, the whole city and country is qualified to be a hot-bed for it. Having this conviction, *la haute police* expects from week to week an adequate number of arrests, and if these are not made, the subordinate functionaries are suspected of not attending to their business, and fall into disgrace accordingly. We have the most ludicrous accounts of the regulations established in Russia by the Emperor Paul for the government of his hyperbolean capital, but they were not one whit more ridiculous than those which, during all the latter part of Bomba's reign, were established here. Nobody was allowed to be out after midnight in the Strada di Toledo, and numbers of persons were arrested and imprisoned for no other crime than this. One gentleman—an avocado, or solicitor—was simply ordered not to cross the Strada di Toledo; his house was on one side and his business on the other—no matter, he was a suspected person. I cannot vouch for this from my own knowledge, but it was currently reported.

Scarcely less absurdly tyrannical was the case following,—a very respectable man was arrested in a provincial city; his friends came round him and represented to the police authorities that the arrest must have been made by mistake; our friend is not the man to compromise himself in any way.

"No, gentlemen," was the reply; "there is no mistake at all. I have been reprimanded by the heads of the police at Naples for not having sent any prisoners lately. I do not suspect your friend of anything incorrect, but I must send somebody; and no doubt he will be able to clear himself from any imputation."

One young gentleman taken up for walking along the Toledo at one o'clock in the morning was found to have a small bag containing a change of linen, a razor, a night-cap, and a few other articles which gentlemen do not usually carry about them.

"What is this?" said the officer.

"That, sir," said the young gentleman, "is my

prison sac de nuit, with which I think it well to be provided; for, as we none of us know why or when we may be arrested, I like not to want the decencies of life."

I heard not long before the late king's death, that a very distinguished lawyer was sent for, and the following questions were put to him.

"What hat having you been wearing for the last week?"

"A grey Tyrolese felt hat."

"How came you by it?"

"My friend, Mr. D—, gave it me; he brought it from the Tyrol."

"Is he not an Englishman?"

"Yes."

"Will the hat wash?"

"No; but it will scour."

"Ah. You must be imprisoned for one month."

He actually was locked up for a week, and at the end of that time released, because his professional services were required by a bishop; but

he had a caution given him not to wear Tyrolese hats, and not to cultivate too close an intimacy with Englishmen.

From all this, it will not be wonderful that there should be a good understanding between the thieves and pickpockets of the city, and the guardians of public order.

The stories told of this are frequently amusing. Take the following as a specimen; it might be multiplied by ten thousand.

A certain lazzarone had a friend in "the force," who protected him in all his escapades, and regularly shared his booty every week. It chanced that our vagabond friend took a spell of fishing, and for a fortnight did not appear on the Chiaja; the policeman naturally enough thought that the agreement between them was virtually broken, and when the lazzarone came back to his accustomed haunts, took him into custody, ostensibly for some trifling fault, but really to show him that to a man of honour the laws of friendship are inviolable. The lesson was felt to be too severe,

and the lazzarone, though he excused himself, promised a stricter attention to business, and was allowed to escape, nourished vengeance in his heart. An opportunity soon presented itself; Captain S—, of the English navy, was pointed out to him by his friend of the police as a gentleman, the contents of whose pockets might be advantageously transferred to their joint possession. Away flew our lazzarone, and in a few minutes came back with a delicately perfumed and embroidered pocket-handkerchief.

"Is this all?" said the sbirro, in a tone of unspeakable disgust.

"That is all, Eccelenza," was the reply.

"What had he in the other pocket—no purse? no pocket-book?"

"The contents of the other pocket, Eccelenza, are mine, according to our agreement, and I shall take them by and bye."

"No, no, my friend; remember that you owe me a fortnight's 'regulars.' I must have it all, and have it at once, too."

"If you insist, it must be so."

The pickpocket went on his errand; the sbirro leaned against a post and watched.

The lazzarone slipped his hand into Captain S—'s pocket, but did it purposely with so little caution that the captain turned round and caught him in the act.

"Signor Capitano," said the vagabond, "have you lost anything?"

The captain felt.

"Yes; I have lost my handkerchief. No doubt you have it, and are now taking my pocket-book."

"Sir, if you will promise not to prosecute me, I will get you back your handkerchief, and you shall punish the real culprit."

Captain S— knew Naples well enough to take the advice and the offer.

"You must let me steal your book."

"A pretty story! I am not quite so green as all that."

"Sir, you may follow me as close as you

please, and seize on the man to whom I give the book; on him will be found the handkerchief."

There was something honest—that is, for a pickpocket—about the man, and Captain S— determined to trust him.

Our friend gave the pocket-book to his sbirro; the captain seized the latter, and at once gave him into custody, while the lazzarone escaped. The result may be imagined; the sbirro had a month's imprisonment, and when he came out he and the lazzarone were as cordial as ever, bearing no malice, and working together as amicably as before.

I have been here giving you the laughable side of our late police regulations, just showing you how ridiculous, as well as how oppressive, a tyranny may be which works with such tools as those of Bomba and Bombino; but I must turn the medal and let you see the darker side.

You will be quite prepared to understand how entirely the results of all trials were in the hands of the Government, and how vast were the abuses

that such a curiously ill-arranged system of jurisprudence must originate.

After the year 1848, four years were occupied before the trials of the "rebels" were over; the pleadings extended to two hundred and twenty-seven thick volumes! so that unless a man had a most superhuman memory, he must have forgotten the beginning long before he came to the end; and the proceedings in the case of the Cagliari, which attracted so much attention a few years ago, extended to almost half as great a length. It would naturally be imagined that in a country where such was the normal state of the judicial administration, two especial evils would result. One would be the corruption of the judicial functionaries themselves; the other a complete confusion between the legal and the illegal in the public mind. I do not, however, think that the former was to any very great extent the case. We had a few corrupt judges, and the ministry knew where to find and how to employ them, but for the most part the magistrates are

more upright than one has any right to expect. I have heard a kind of language among lawyers, indicating decidedly professional tastes; murders have been entitled "admirable;" embezzlements, "exquisite," when the proceedings about them were likely to be more than usually intricate and difficult; but, then I remember P— in his hospital practice talking of a "splendid" aneurism, and observing that such and such an operation would be "magnificent," especially as Mr. Bob Sawyer would say, "if Slasher does it."

The Neapolitan system of police reached its culmination in the year 1855, under the too celebrated Mazza; since that time it has been stationary. Benkendorf, in St. Petersburgh, was the only man in all respects equal to this wretch; Maniscalco, in Sicily, who was brought up under his especial patronage, was wanting in universality; he was cold enough and cruel enough, but he could do nothing but apprehend and torture. Mazza had a genius; he would have made a first-

rate detective, but he understood politics, and could make himself as agreeable as even Fouché himself, to whom, indeed, he bore no inconsiderable resemblance. Perhaps, if Fouché, Vidocq, and Domitian were rolled into one, you would have in the result something like the formidable minister of Bomba's police. He encouraged his subordinates to act against political opinions more than against social offences; he taught them what kind of beard indicated Mazzinism, what kind of hat was a symbol of republican opinions, what trousers marked an attachment to Garibaldi; he permitted an almost unlimited use of the "bastornado," and soon became as much dreaded, and as intensely hated, as any human being could be. Mazza was the author of a system which made all the magistracy throughout the kingdom subordinate to the ministers of police in the capital, and which, in fact, erected the police and the gendarmerie into a permanent magistracy in itself. In consequence of this, all the justices of the peace were virtually chosen by

the police minister, and mediately, if not immediately, all the officers of justice, of whatever grade.

It has long been suspected that the clergy were in league with the police, and that the secrets of the confessional were occasionally exchanged for bishoprics and other preferments. Absolute proof of this can hardly, from the very nature of the case, be expected; but there seems but too much reason to believe that the fact has been so. From so many causes there was a necessity for constant and successful activity on behalf of the police agents, if they wished to give satisfaction to their superiors, and retain their places, that we cannot wonder at any modes resorted to to achieve this object. They had not merely to stand well with those who were at the head of their department, but they had also to guard against the plots of their colleagues. If it were deemed desirable to remove a "direttore," or superintendant, all that was needful was to cause a number of political demonstrations to

take place in his district, and to help the demonstrants to escape.

Sometimes crimes were allowed to multiply; and a recent French traveller says that, to his knowledge, a courier was murdered solely for the purpose of removing an ineffective superintendent, and in another district, a general officer was attacked and robbed. The police, being applied to, gave up, or "recovered" the booty, but declined to make known the robbers. Since the fall of Mazza, affairs have gone on a little more quietly; for at last he outraged the highest classes of society as well as the lowest, and made himself so much detested by the circle immediately around the throne, that it became impossible to retain him. But, though the man was set aside, the system continued. In fact, it had become a tradition of the Bourbon rule; and as we have seen Caroline, the queen of Ferdinand I., establishing her "dark parlour," organizing her bands of spies, and sending her agents to inflict the most frightful tortures in dungeons

which were never intended to be open to the light of days, so we have seen her grandson, the late king, acting in the same manner throughout nearly all his reign, treating Carlo Poerio, and hundreds more, as his grandfather had treated their predecessors; and FRANCIS II., by *his* agents, perpetrating the same atrocities in the dungeons of Palermo in the year 1860!

Letter VI.

PRISONS AND PRISON LIFE IN NAPLES AND SICILY.

Imprisonment no disgrace—The Prison of the Vicaria—The Commendatore Bianchini—State of Prisons permitted to be seen—Barbers in Jail—Political prisoners, for the most part, well lodged—Statements of Mr. Baillie Cochrane—Prison of Santa Maria Apparente—Santa Maria d'Agnona, a prison for females—Its inmates much petted by the great—Possible contingencies—Prisons of Favagnano and Procida—Anecdotes of judges and prisoners—Prisons in Sicily.

In a country where half the inmates of the prisons are so for political offences, imprisonment can in itself be no disgrace, nor, indeed, is it considered so; a man is looked upon as unfortunate

if he is locked up, and his friends all come and condole with him, but no one imagines that there is any shame attached to his position, or reflected upon his family, or his intimates; nor, bad as the prisons are in themselves, do they seem to inspire any horror in the minds of the criminal class. It seems to be so thoroughly understood among these that the real terrors are not for them, but for such men as Poerio; that no cloud gathers over their faces, no look of despair is to be seen in their eyes. About the Vicaria may be seen always a gay and noisy crowd, and the laughers without are scarcely less gay than the laughers within. There is a low class of attorneys here, as in other countries, doing their best to defeat the objects of justice,—always supposing that justice has, in this happy land, any objects at all,—which it would not be always safe to affirm. These gentry are to be found here in abundance, and they are busily occupied in carrying out the beneficial intentions of King Nasone, and

"softening down" the terrors of the Franco-Neapolitan law.

I cannot, of course, tell you of my own personal knowledge anything about the interior of the prisons; but F—, who had an opportunity of examining them all, at least as much as any stranger could hope for, has told me with so much minuteness what he saw, that you will lose nothing for want of my experience. The chief of the prisons is that of the Vicaria, where also the law courts hold their sessions, and as this building was originally the residence of those kings who succeeded the dynasty of Anjou, to be lodged in a palace does not seem so hard a fate; and, undoubtedly, there are apartments in the Vicaria now used for prisons, which, were they tenanted by a moderate number of persons, and supplied with the requisite furniture, and properly ventilated, would be tolerable enough.

It is almost a maxim that we may judge of the civilization of a country by the state of its prisons. We know, from the works of Howard,

what was the state of our gaols in his time, and from other sources what was the civilization of the period. The prisons of Naples and Sicily are described by eye-witnesses, as "caverns in which the condemned live in perpetual darkness, in a pestilential atmosphere, unwholesomely and insufficiently fed, and destitute of beds, clothing, and water." Of course this description must be taken with certain limitations. It seems inconsistent with this, that a distinguished statesman and philanthropist, the Commandatore Bianchini, the author of a well-known work on the Social Welfare of Nations, should have been placed at the head of all the prisons in the kingdom of the Two Sicilies. But Bianchini was far too good a courtier to let his philosophy interfere with the wishes of the king, or the plans of the government. No person could be more agreeable in manners than he; to judge from his bearing, there could be no difficulty in the way of seeing everything and rectifying every deficiency in the prison system over which he presided. But,

though so gay and gentlemanly, so humane and philosophical, so free from prejudice as to be able, with an English visitor, to crack a joke against the Jesuits, and with a Capuchin against the French; certain it is that no information was ever obtained from him that could be withheld. He gave F—, as he gave many other persons, an authorization to see all the prisons in Naples; but he took care, in each case, to send an intelligent officer with him, who not only limited the sight-seeing wherever he thought it desirable to do so, but served also as a spy upon the observer. It is with regret that I write thus of a man whose philosophy, as well as his humanity, has been so much lauded. But he was cognizant of all the cruelties exercised in those horrid abodes of crime and tyranny, and he certainly at no time interfered in favour of any prisoner whom the court for political reasons desired to crush.

From all that F— says, I am satisfied that though a great deal of negligence may be exhibited in some of the secondary prisons, yet

that, except in political cases, there is no intention to make them places of torture. I have already said that criminals do not dread them, and the readiness which Bianchini manifested to give F—, whom he knew to be rather energetic in his liberalism, an opportunity of seeing them, showed that there was, at all events, a good deal in their management which would not bear daylight. In the Vicaria, for instance, there appeared to be no want of wholesome food; the general dietary was, as it is in our own country, considerably better than that attained by the common labourer. Every month the walls were lime-whited, and the floors washed with salt and vinegar; a good deal of chloride of lime was used, and other hygienic measures were adopted, which were creditable to the government; indeed, according to F—'s account of how the prison regulations were carried out, and this seemed to be tolerably effected, the Vicaria would not lose by comparison with most of our English prisons.

One great defect undoubtedly did, and still

does exist, the "dolce far niente" is practised without limit. The Jesuits tried to introduce labour, but it never took root on Neapolitan soil, and, probably, never will; the only exception, if it can be so called, is in favour of the hair-dressers, who are allowed to exercise their art on the heads of their fellow prisoners, and from the circumstance that they enjoy certain privileges, and have a ward to themselves, one would be led to believe that barbers in Southern Italy must be a remarkably unrighteous class. I do not know how this is borne out by criminal statistics, but the fact is curious and suggestive.

Mingling with the rest of the prisoners were some gentlemen of education, who were evidently there for political offences, and probably, of a very light description. They wished to obtain opportunities of conversing with F——, seeing, by his peculiarly English physiognomy, that they would have in him a sympathising auditor. Among these, to his surprise, he found Angelo Cardita, whom we had frequently met at the

French and Austrian Embassies, and whom we had always thought a particularly sober and discreet person. However, it appeared that his uncle at Ancona had exhibited decidedly liberal tendencies, and Angelo kept up a correspondence with him, which M. Bianchini's gentlemen did not think expedient. So they locked up poor Angelo, that he might have time to reflect.

Some of them had clearly a great deal to say, if only they might be permitted to say it; but as the inspector whom Bianchini had sent did not make a *terzo* to their taste, and as he had, on his part, an evident dislike of duets, no talk of any consequence took place. It must have been a punishment severe enough in itself for men of refined minds and habits to be condemned to the society of some of the ruffians whom F—— described. These were allowed to say what they liked, or rather, they did not care whether the inspector heard them or not. One man with a splendid profile and magnificent proportions, stated that he was in prison for having murdered

three of his relations; but then one had attempted to carry off a girl to whom he was attached, and the other two had been so far his accomplices, as that they knew of the plan and did not reveal it to the injured party. "So," said he, "I don't see how I could have helped doing as I did. I have been kept here for three years, and my appeal has not been heard yet."

F—— had an especial desire to see the dungeons, and expected to find them something very terrible; however, when he was introduced, he saw that they were all clean and well ventilated. The prisoners had beds of hempen fibre, laid on the asphalte which formed the floor of their cells. Many of these had windows looking out into the city, and such were considered especially desirable by those who had the honour to be lodged, at Bomba's expense, in his ex-royal palace. I wish it to be distinctly understood that I do not disbelieve the narrations which, from time to time, have been published, and in which dungeons are described as being very different from those which F—— was per-

mitted to see—chambers of horror, far from human sight, and out of the hearing of all, save those engaged in the work of torture. Such narratives are, very probably, based upon truth; they would not be contrary to the traditions of the Neapolitan government, and we have evidence of their existence which cannot be gainsayed. At the same time it is only fair to a cause which every body allows to be a bad one, that if anything can be said on its behalf, it should be entitled to make use of the testimony.

Now F—— was permitted to visit the prison of Santa Maria Apparente. Here he found comfort as far attended to as was compatible with the safety of the prisoners, all of whom were detained on political grounds, and who complained bitterly, either that they were unfairly judged, or that their time was delayed, but seemed to have no complaint about the prison itself. This is one of the prisons visited some years ago by Mr. Baillie Cochrane, who published a most thrilling account of the horrors he beheld in Naples. He

found ninety-seven political prisoners there, and about three hundred criminals, but admits that this place was "not so bad as might have been expected," with a "number of not very uncomfortable rooms," and he too found that the great cause of complaint was not so much the prison treatment, as the delay and perversion of justice.

On the other hand he describes the Vicaria, which F—— found tolerably well-managed, in terms such as the following: "The staircase was wide, but reeking with dirt, a fitting approach to the apartments we were about to enter. At the top of the stairs a mob of tattered, decrepid, loathsome figures were collected. These were the relations of some of the persons, who were permitted to see them from time to time." He then touches on the iron bars, and the violence and gesticulation of the mob, adding, "It would be difficult to convey an idea of the horrors of the place. A damp, fetid, noxious vapour filled every cell; many of the windows by which the light entered had no glass, and the wet mist

penetrated through the close bars. The mass of the prisoners were dressed in the most filthy rags." He then speaks of the hardship of compelling men of education and refinement to mingle with so brutalized and loathsome a mass; and, lastly, he was permitted to see what was stated to be the worst part of the prison, and where the most criminal of its inmates were confined. "We found ourselves in a place which it would have required the imagination of a Dante to paint. Some were lying on the floor, others crowded together on the miserable truckle beds, howling and blaspheming, and evidently always addressed and treated as brutes." "The atmosphere was as thick as a London fog, from the horrible exhalations." Mr. Cochrane visited the prison at an unfortunate season; but certainly considerable reforms have been introduced since the date of his description. At all events it is clear that neither he, nor F——, nor any other stranger would be permitted to see torture

chambers, or anything which could, in the eyes of Europe, bring disgrace on the government.

There are several other prisons in Naples besides those of the Vicaria and Santa Maria Apparente. Of these F—— went over that of San Francesco, situated just outside the Capuan Gate, and that of Santa Maria d'Agnona. The former of these is a kind of hospital for criminals, and as it was built for a monastery, and converted to its present use by Murat, it is well adapted for its purpose. It presented nothing remarkable. The latter is solely for females, and is a kind of combination of our Bridewell and the Magdalen Hospital; only that being a pet institution of the late king, and very much patronized by the female nobility, the inmates are fêted and caressed much more than probably does them good. I have been here myself, and have seen the archbishop and many of the principal clergy, the Count de Trapani, with some female members of the royal family, and a considerable

number of the first ladies in Naples, the latter serving at the tables of the prisoners, and evincing a far more lively sympathy with them than would have taken place anywhere else.

I have written all these particulars because whatever concerns Naples and Sicily is just now of great interest, and especially details of prison life and prison discipline. But you will understand that it is only in the event of some public convulsion, such as that which has recently unveiled the secrets of tyranny at Palermo, that the dark deeds of jailors and inquisitors can be made manifest to the light of day. If this city falls*—as no one here doubts it will do—into the hands of Garibaldi, then, indeed, we may expect that every stone of the Vicaria will be plucked down or torn up, and revelations are expected, quite as terrible, and quite as revolting, as those, the very recital of which in the ears of Europe have so lately made the blood of the hearers run cold. It

* This passage has been preserved, because, though written so long ago, it was indicative of the public opinion of the period. It has not been entirely fulfilled.

is said that, even at the present time, Francis II. knows not even of the existence of torture within his dominions.

It is perhaps impossible to say what a king knows or does not know, and especially a king so ignorant and so stupid as Bombino; but if he be really unconscious of the horrors which have been perpetrated in his name, atrocities which are published in English and French newspapers, and commented upon with indignation at Vienna and Madrid, all that can be said is—never was a prince kept so conveniently in the dark. But the pretext is too transparent to deceive anyone. Young as he is, Francis II. has already given proofs of a cold, hard, apathetic nature. He has not, it is true, the ability of his father; but he is as true a Bourbon at heart. He has all the despotic instincts of his race, and he has on many occasions declared that he will reign as his father did before him, or not at all. To imagine that, amidst the many chapters of advice which he has received from Vienna and

Paris, no notice has been taken of that which was known to be filling all Europe with indignation against a tyrannical and perfidious race would be absurd. But whether Bombino be permitted to plead ignorance or not, we ought not to remain in darkness in England, and I shall, therefore, briefly touch on some of the more fearful scenes which prison life in Naples and Sicily has beheld.

I shall not go back to the middle ages; for it will be rememembered that we have had racks and torture chambers in England; but shall take my few illustrations all within the present century.

In my sketch of the life of Ferdinand I., and his detestable wife, I shall have to touch, though in a very cursory way, on the cruelties exercised towards the partisans of the Parthenopœan Republic.

Some must be noticed here, as a more appropriate place for their introduction.

It is a mere indication that I can give; and I must refer you for further information to Batta, Pépé, Colletta, and Butt. What I shall relate will be sufficient for our purpose.

The mere fact that 30,000 persons were imprisoned for political offences will shew clearly enough what were the relations between the governor and the governed; and when we learn that at least 4,000 of these fell victims to royal cruelty, we shall be in a condition to believe implicitly that which comes to us on so good authority. Pépé, himself, who was but sixteen years of age at the time, describes the persons as lying on the bare stones, and having no other nourishment than black bread and foul water; and this, too, in small quantities. All the prisoners, as well in Naples and Palermo, as in the islands of Favignano, Procida, and San Stephano, were obliged to provide for themselves beds, chairs, lights, and vessels for eating and washing. San Stephano will be described under the reign of Francis I., that of Favignano may be depicted in still darker colours. The island rises steeply from the sea, and is crowned by a mediæval castle, which makes a fine object at a distance. Within, from the centre of the castle, is

cut a series of dungeons, far below the level of the sea, in which no sunlight ever shines—and where, in spite of the genial warmth without, the temperature is piercingly cold. These dungeons abound with noxious reptiles, and a sentence of imprisonment in them is but a condemnation to a lingering death. Among those who were incarcerated here was the advocate Poerio, — the father of the Baron Poerio, who was so warmly welcomed in England a year or two ago. His life was preserved by the attachment of a humble friend, who contrived to supply him with wine and other necessaries in his prison. Other prisons were scarcely less loathsome, and those who once entered any of these abodes of misery might well leave all hope behind.

A few instances of the atrocious cruelties perpetrated under the name of justice, may not be out of place here.

A girl, named San Felice, had disclosed the existence of a plot to murder the heads of the Parthenopœan Republic. Even this had been

accidental, yet she was flung into prison, as having aided the Republican Government. As she was about to become a mother, her execution was postponed till after her confinement—a month. The day appointed for the butchery, the wife of the heir apparent gave birth to a son,—and the etiquette of the Neapolitan Court entitled her on such an occasion to ask any favour she chose. As soon as she was able to leave her apartments she took her infant in her arms, and went and asked for the life of San Felice.

The King took his grandchild; but, as soon as he heard what the favour was, he dashed the child on the ground, and peremptorily refused the request of the Princess.

The poor girl was executed with several other women, among whom were Eleonora Pimental, a poetess of considerable merit.

The principal judge, Speciale, seems to have carefully studied the life and actions of our own notorious Jefferies, with a view to imitate them on a grander scale; and some of the hideous

jests which he uttered to his victims deserve record, were it only for their fiendish malignity.

A young woman of great beauty came to beg the life of her husband, who was apprehended only on suspicion. Speciale readily granted her request, adding some coarse gallantries. But, while he spoke, the unhappy man was on his way to execution. When the widow complained, the brute replied that he had done her a service, for she was young and handsome, and could easily get another and a younger husband.

To Nicolo Fiani, an advocate of eminence, he promised a pardon, if he would only give in writing an account of the part which he had really taken in the Republic Fiani did so,—and the inhuman Speciale produced the paper in Court, as superseding the necessity of a trial, and ordered him for immediate execution.

Great, however, as was the ferocity of this judicial tiger, the Government of the King, or, rather of Caroline, complained of his dilatory proceedings. Blood was not shed fast enough;

and it is now certain that the awful excesses of the lazzaroni, which disgraced the reign of Ferdinand I., were instigated by the agents of the Queen.

If from Naples we turn to Sicily, we shall find a picture equally frightful. There the Queen had her own way from the beginning. In 1811 Murat made an attempt, or was said to have made one,—to raise an insurrection in the island of Sicily. The Queen employed the Marquis Antale to make an investigation into the alleged conspiracy. Knowing with what object he was really sent, he devoted all his energies to please the Court,—and never was a man better adapted to such a diabolical mission. The prisons of Palermo were soon full,—and the means adopted to extort confession from the prisoners were such as would have done honour to the most hardened inquisitor. Those cells, almost peculiar to Naples and Sicily, scooped out of the solid rock, and too small to allow the wretched inhabitant either to lie at full length, or to stand upright, had each its tenant. To these such tortures were applied, that

were not it necessary for the interests of public justice that they should be blazoned far and wide, the pen would refuse to transcribe them. The captives were some weeks without any condemnation; but in the meantime every effort was made to induce them both to admit their own complicity, and to implicate others. From some the skin was torn from the body, by the application of red-hot pincers — others had matches thrust under their nails, and then ignited—others were scalped,—others had the most sensitive parts of the body destroyed by a heated iron—while in some cases even this torture was refined on, by the administration of deleterious drugs, calculated to produce terrific dreams, from which the wretched sleepers were only awakened by finding burning iron pressing against the flesh.

This diabolical precedent was not without consequences. In 1847 an insurrection broke out in Calabria, and at least two thousand persons joined in it, demanding the constitution, and at the same time declaring that it was not the king,

but the ministers who were to blame for its having been so long withheld. They shouted, "long live Ferdinand II!" "The constitutional king for ever!" "Down with the ministers!" Unhappily the king and the ministers were quite of one mind, and the insurrection was put down with a high hand. A few young men at Messina having seen the tri-coloured flag flying at Reggio, attempted to get up a movement on their side of the water, and cried out, "Viva Pio Nono!" "Viva la Sicilia!" This, however, was all; they had no plans, had made no preparations, and hastily fled into the interior as soon as they found that the rising at Reggio had not succeeded. On the main land many executions took place by order of the terrible Del Carretti, and General Vial was sent to Messina with authority to act there as he thought best. He declared that he had discovered a conspiracy, out of which the late insurrection had arisen; he flung numbers into prison, and applied the most horrible tortures to them in order to extort confession. The

year following, the prison attached to the police-office was broken open by the people, and the mutilated remains of those who had suffered under this fiend in human shape, were discovered aud exposed to the world.

Still more recently, Carlo Poerio and his forty-one accomplices—accomplices in the crime of desiring that the promises, so often made by the king, should be performed—were cast into the same dungeon with brigands and murderers, chained two and two together, kept in this condition day and night; sixteen were confined in a small room with an unglazed window, and only allowed half-an-hour in the course of the week to see their friends. In this condition he was seen by Mr. Gladstone, and the House of Commons was made acquainted with the fact.

For the credit of humanity, I know that these horrors will be looked upon by many as problematical, especially in England; but alas! they were not confined to the reign of the first Ferdinand, nor even of the second. Since the accession of

the ex-king similar scenes have been transacted in the prison of Palermo, and we have the testimony of an eye witness, an English clergyman, and corroborated by many others, that not only tortures, such as were practised in the Inquisition, were in use but a few weeks before his deposition, but prisoners were actually put to death by crucifixion. The prison at Palermo was but a charnel house, pestilential from the mangled remains of those who had met their death by torture; and when its horrors were, by an indignant people, laid bare to the light of day, the whole speaking in the name of outraged humanity, proclaimed that there, at least, the rule of the Bourbons was over for ever. Less atrocious, by far, were the deeds revealed at the destruction of the Bastille, and if we wish to find any parallel to the savage tyranny of Francis II., we must look for it in the annals of the Inquisition itself. The same day that let in the sunlight on the dungeons of Palermo, saw Garibaldi master of the destinies of Sicily.

LETTER VII.

THE FINE ARTS.

Visit to Pompeii.—Museums, palaces, and galleries in Naples — The Museo Borbonico.—Magdalen by Guercino.—Marriage of St. Catherine, by Corregio.—A "highly suggestive" style.—Modern Neapolitan painters—Pittoe, Margiassi, Giganti.—The Manchester exhibition.—Taste of the late King Ferdinand.—Monks of the Holy Passion —Professor Mancinelli.—Gallery of Prince Fondi.—Manufactory of spurious pictures —Pictures by Salvator Rosa unpopular with the Bourbons.—The Medici Gallery—Sculpture.—The Prince of Syracuse —Statue of Pico. —Effects of bigotry.

I SCARCELY think you will care to hear much about Pompeii; it has been so often and so minutely described, there is so good a representation of the style of the houses in our Crystal Palace

at Sydenham, and there are so many objects actually brought from the place, in the British Museum, that I do not know that I could say anything to interest you thereon. For my own part, I felt quite repaid for all that I had suffered from filth, noise, and foul odours in Naples, when I experienced the new sensation of finding myself suddenly in a city that had slept nearly eighteen hundred years, a fact that the evidence of my senses almost made me doubt, for I certainly was not prepared for the fresh appearance of the place, which gave the idea of its being only recently departed. F—— agreed cordially with me in rejoicing that we had resisted all entreaties to join any gay party in the excursion; I confess I could not have heard, without a sense of desecration, the sound of joke and laughter breaking the solemn stillness within those dreary walls. We visited, lastly, the Villa of Diomede; on the walls of which may yet be seen the impress of the bodies of those who sought refuge there from the burning ashes that rained on all around;

and we left the place sadly and silently;—I feeling much less inclined, I assure you, to bear patiently with the noise and clatter which I knew would await us on our return to life in Naples.

Next day I determined to throw off the sadness which the visit to Pompeii had left with me, by commencing at once our round of the various museums, palaces, and galleries, where I could have an opportunity of refreshing my spirits with the sight of the works of art I so dearly love. We began with the Museo Borbonico (the Bourbon, or Royal Museum), and, on entering, turned our steps at once to the picture gallery, of which I had formed great expectations. We found ourselves surrounded by masterpieces of Correggio, Titian, the Carracci, Raphael, and other great masters. I was soon, however, "left alone in my glory," for my companions, a brother and sister, who had spent two years in travelling through France, Germany, and the north of Italy, very frankly told me they were so tired of the con-

tinual repetition of "Holy Families, Marriages of St. Catherine, and Saints, either in torture or ecstacy," that they had determined to "do" in the briefest manner possible, all collections of the old masters among whom such subjects preponderate. Although I did not scruple to express a very virtuous indignation at so open and shameless an avowal, I could not but be a little conscious that I shared to a certain extent their feeling. One does get tired of the everlasting reproduction of the same subject, however masterly treated; the stereotyped use of blue and red too, in the garments of the Saviour and the Virgin, as indicative of their attributes, adds not a little to the sense of monotony.

So, I offered no opposition to my friends filling up their time by a drive along the Chiaja, during which I devoted myself to a closer inspection of the chefs-d'œuvres around me. I was particularly struck with a magnificent portrait of Pius III., (Alexander Farnese), by Titian; a Magdalene by the same master offers a striking contrast to the

same subject by Guerchino; the first-named is exquisitely beautiful, but gives an idea of reflection rather than repentance; the latter is looking up with an agony of remorse depicted in every feature, the whole treatment being almost melodramatic enough to be French. Among the many pictures representing "The marriage of the Christ with St. Catherine," that of Correggio stands pre-eminent. The Saint on her knees before the Virgin, who holds the infant Jesus in her lap, looks the very incarnation of purity and devotion, while the Saviour has an expression of childish ingenuousness, mingled with a depth of thought which is remarkable. In spite of the secret antipathy to such subjects already confessed, I was almost as fascinated by it as by the marvellous "Concepcion Immaculada" of Murillo, in the Louvre, at whose shrine I went regularly every morning during my stay in Paris, to offer my devotions, previously to beginning the labour of sight-seeing for the day. The Neapolitan painters of the seventeenth and eighteenth

century have a defect which is particularly offensive to the Protestant mind—I mean the treatment of spiritual and devotional subjects with the gross, sensual materiality, which is only just bearable in pictures from the mythology. The style is, as my little friend J— observed of the Majolica China, in the Manchester Exhibition, "highly suggestive."

I remember seeing in the Vatican a picture of Pope Alexander VI. at the feet of Julia Farnese, intended to represent the Virgin; the expression given to his Holiness being more depictive of earthly passion than saintly devotion. With the present school of painting in Naples, I was disappointed, especially in the landscape; there appears to be a strong tendency to imitate the hard and monotonous tones of some modern French painters, which is the more to be deplored in a country which, like Naples, offers in nature all that is soft, rich, glowing, and varied; gorgeous beyond description yet ever harmonious. It would seem almost impossible to look forth on

the extraordinary loveliness of the country around, lighted up by an atmosphere of liquid gold,under a sky of the deepest blue, and produce only scenes which recall the cold verdure and misty air of more northern climates. Pittoe, who was for some years professor of landscape at the academy, is an exception to this defect; his works have all the rich, glowing, and harmonicus tones which one would expect from a Neapolitan, and are equally remarkable for delicacy of touch and high poetic feeling. His pupil and successor in the academy, Gabriel Margiassi, although equally conscientious in the reproduction of nature, is his inferior in colour and harmony. Giganti, also an academician, is more successful in water-colours than in oils, but I saw nothing to be compared to the water-colour productions of our native artists, exhibited at Manchester in 1857; Franceschini has the minute attention to detail, and dissection of leaves and foliage so remarkable in our pre-Raphaelite school. I saw some specimens of a style of colouring which re-

called very forcibly a remark that was addressed to me by a good humoured looking Lancashire man one day, when I was at the Manchester Exhibition. We had both been standing for some minutes before a pre-Raphaelite interior, in which it was difficult to decide whether bright green, burning red, or deep yellow, without a shade to dim their lustre, predominated; and I was just wondering within myself whether the length of absurdity could farther go, when, mistaking my lingering gaze for admiration, my neighbour turned to me, and, with a knowing wink, said—"Ey, missus! but there be plenty of the reeht stooff there!"

The late King Ferdinand was a very liberal patron of the arts; his brother, the Count of Syracuse, who is himself a sculptor, was anxious at one time to form a society for the encouragement of the arts and sciences. Ferdinand angrily refused his consent, affirming that the Royal Academy was all that could be desired in that way, and no proof, however undeniable, that

its regulations were such as to discourage the artist in every possible way, could induce him to reconsider his decision. We saw, it is true, at the Palace of Capodimonte, and in the Royal Palace at Naples, many works by modern artists painted to order, and were not at all surprised at their being merely second-rate productions, when we were told the sum which Ferdinand had stipulated they should be done for. There were some subjects from the Heathen Mythology very carefully chosen, as one might expect in the gallery of a king who considers it necessary, as a set off against the immorality he tolerates around him, even among the priesthood, to veil all nude figures, and to place the Venus of Praxiteles under lock and key. The majority commanded, however, were Holy Families and Saints; many unmistakeable daubs were presented by the king to country churches, where they answered the double purpose of exciting the gaping admiration of the rustics, and spreading the reputation of the king for piety, to the most remote quarters. Some

were bestowed on the chapels in the monastery of the Monks of the order of the "Holy Passion," which Ferdinand had established in the Park of Caserta, where he daily went to hear mass, and converse with the brothers.

In later years he appears to have indulged a taste for the representation of religious processions, in which may be observed the growing national taste for gaudy colours. The best contemporary painter is, in my opinion, Professor Mancinelli, who has this defect in a very slight degree, and is, undoubtedly, an artist of great merit. F— told me that in his rambles he had made the discovery of a street, answering to our Wardour Street, where the located drive a lucrative trade in the manufacture of original Salvator Rosas, Carraccis, and Raphaels, out of dingy, smoke-dried copies of the great masters, and that the most greedy purchasers of these are our cousins, the Americans. I am sorry to add, however, that they consider the English by no means bad customers. We

afterwards visited the Gallery of Prince Fondi, where we saw, among gems of the old masters, an Interior, by Canaletto, as excellent in its way as his usual choice of subject, the blue lagoons and splendid palaces of Venice. There are also some very good pictures by Neapolitan artists, Giordano and others. Nothing can exceed the kindness with which every facility is afforded to strangers of seeing, not only the magnificent galleries of the princes and nobility of the land, but the smaller collections of private individuals. My card, and the expressed wish to see anything remarkable in their possession, never failed to obtain me admission to houses where I was not only shown more than I had asked to see, but treated with a respect and friendly amiability that was most winning.

In the gallery of the Chevalier S—, we saw several works of Salvator Rosa, the only Neapolitan who deserves to rank among the highest of painters. There is a portrait of the "Gran Maestro," as a gaily dressed cavalier, painted by

himself; and a masterly "Revolt of Masaniello," in which he has depicted, evidently "con amore," the stern resolution and wild daring of the insurgents. It may be owing, perhaps, to the openly declared revolutionary sympathies of Salvator Rosa, although dating two centuries back, that his pictures are so rarely seen in Naples, at least in the royal collections.

We visited afterwards the Medici Gallery, where we saw some remarkable family portraits, among others that of the fascinating and treacherous Catherine. The Prince de Capero has also a very fine collection; the most celebrated picture in it being a St. Francis, by Ribera, in whose countenance the expression of ecstatic devotion borders on maniacal fanaticism. In the Palace Sant Angelo is one of the rarest collections of medals in the world, a splendid assemblage of Greek and Etruscan vases, and some autographs of great importance. We saw in various other galleries, exquisite frescoes, by Giotto and Zingari; the modern fresco painters carry to

excess the growing national taste for gaudy colour.

The Prince of Syracuse, himself a sculptor, has encouraged, as far as he dared, all the arts and sciences. In his galleries are to be found objects of art, of the greatest beauty and rarity; the productions of the royal amateur himself have sufficient merit to claim attention, were they not the work of a prince. In his workshop is the statue of the celebrated Pico; on the pedestal are to be inscribed the names of all philosophers and reformers of Italy. Adjoining the studio, is the theatre, fitted up with the greatest taste and luxury, where the nobility delight in getting up amateur theatricals. There are, however, few capable of taking any active part in the encouragement of the fine arts; the majority are devoted only to the pursuit of pleasure and show; and in their love of the frivolous, their indifference to all that is great and estimable, may be seen the effects of the narrow-minded, bigoted tyranny under which they have lived.

LETTER VIII.

EDUCATION IN THE TWO SICILIES.

Multitude of educational institutions.—The University of Naples —its early prosperity; change in its character; causes of its decline.—Example of Ferdinand VII. of Spain.—Private schools.—A school catechism.—Female education.—Murat's schools.—Anecdote of a duke.—Curious stories of the censorship of the press.—Science neglected.—Pamphlet on Sicily, by M. Lirdenkohl.—University of Messina.

THE Neapolitan realm is wonderfully provided with all that can raise and dignify humanity; it has more churches, more schools, more gymnasia, more universities than any other, of its acres, in the known world, and as to priests, it beats Rome itself out and out. Perhaps it may not be won-

derful that under so great an infliction ignorance darker than is to be found out of the Hottentot land should prevail throughout the dominions of the late Neapolitan Bourbons; but a difficulty will occur when we recollect that the organisation of the state is professedly taken from the French, and that the same regulations are presumed to be in force in the two countries with respect to education.

We shall begin with the University of Naples—the first and most important of all the educational establishments in the kingdom. If we are to take its charter and laws, nothing could be better; if we take its actual position, nothing can be much worse. For many years during the reign of Francis I., and the earlier part of that of the late king, it was eminently prosperous; the number of its students was day by day increasing; its professorships were filled by men of real talent, and, in many cases, of European reputation, and students were attracted by its advantages from all parts of the world. Nor was

this to be wondered at; Naples possesses superb libraries, and the finest collection in the world of ancient art. But it soon struck the late king, and still more his terrible police minister, Del Carretto, that the gathering together of students from Tuscany, and France, and Germany, and Piedmont was not likely to conduce to the orthodoxy of the views maintained in the royal university, and accordingly the king and ministers at once resolved to bring down the standard of instruction to that which they considered sufficient for good Catholics and dutiful subjects.

It need not be said that this resolution met with as much opposition as the nature of the circumstances would permit; and as the king regarded all resistance to his wishes as treasonable, a few years saw all the most distinguished ornaments of the University in prison or in exile, and the curriculum of study reduced to suit the ministerial programme. At present the whole system is preserved intact—on paper—but many courses are altered to sink into desuetude. No series of

lectures could at any time be given without the royal permission; and when this permission was given, it was accompanied by so many restrictions as to be scarcely worth having, and even then cases occurred, in which it was suddenly, and without cause assigned, withdrawn. Very recently the professor of civil and international law, which comprehended political philosophy—a man distinguished by his scientific and legal attainments—had his class closed in this way, and it was in his case clear enough that there was, and could be, no objection to the man, for he was rather a reactionist in politics than otherwise, and personally attached to the king.

His Majesty condescended to give his reason, and it was that he foresaw danger from discussing different forms of Government, and that it was better, if possible, that only one form should be considered practicable. Perhaps, too, there was another unexpressed reason, and that was that the professor, reactionist as he was, was yet a thoroughly honest man, and incapable of dis-

guising the truth or falsifying history. Together with these measures, Ferdinand in 1854 adopted another, which was peculiarly characteristic of his dynasty; he issued an ordinance that, as Naples was too far from the southern parts of the kingdom, and especially from Sicily, to make it advisable for young men to be sent thither for education, colleges would be established in the principal cities to obviate this necessity; and that this plan might be carried out with the greater effect, no students would be admitted in future to the University of Naples save those from the provinces of Naples and the Terra di Lavoro.

This step, which effectually reduced the numbers of the students, restricted at the same time the studies of the University, and from that period, though the curriculum looked grand on paper, enquirers so constantly found either that they were not admissible themselves, or that the lectures they wished to attend were discontinued, that the number of applicants soon became small indeed, and the state of study what it is at

present. It is needless to say that where provincial colleges were instituted, Del Carretto took care that the dose of instruction administered should be mild indeed. The king was a great admirer of his cousin, Ferdinand VII., of Spain, and often quoted his witticisms with delight; perhaps he bore in mind how that enlightened sovereign suppressed the revenues of the mathematical school at Seville to found there an *Escuela real de Tauromaquia*—a royal academy of bull-fighting!

Of private schools there are few, and these are discouraged as much as possible, and it may be said that the education of the capital, if not of the kingdom, has been hitherto in the hands of the Jesuits. If you wish to have a little bit of a Neapolitan catechism, take the following; it is, of course, published *col' approbazione dei superiori*:—

Q. Define a monarchy?

A. It is a power arising from birth, not from election, which co-exists with human right, but

is not conferred by it; were it conferred by human right, it would be a magistracy, and not a monarchy.

Q. But are not kings sometimes tyrants?

A. To say so, is the act of a mad or an ill-informed person; wrong never arises from kings, but from our own malice and corruption.

Q. Can any people be its own legislator, or claim political reforms?

A. The attempt has been made; with what success, let Danton, Robespierre, St. Just, and the National Convention of detestable memory, show.

Q. Why were our ancestors happier than we?

A. Because they implored all they needed from their princes, and thus obtained only such things as were useful and right.

Q. What is the greatest glory of the Neapolitans?

A. Their fidelity to the king.

Female education has been rather more

favourably considered; Murat established a school for the female branches of the nobility, and this continues to the present day, but it labours under the suspicion of inculcating somewhat worldly tastes. The government has not patronised it, nor, on the other hand, has it interfered with it.

As to schools of humbler character, which Murat established in every parish, these have been almost all closed; at least, three-fourths have been allowed to perish for want of support. It is to be hoped that one of the first cares of the new government will be to resuscitate these institutions.

I feel, for my part, a kind of injustice in speaking of the ignorance and depravity of the Neapolitan people, when I recollect what care has been taken by their government to prevent their becoming anything but what they are. On paper, as I said before, no countries are so provided with education as the two Sicilies; Sicily alone has five universities; Naples, sixteen, besides royal

colleges and schools in all considerable towns; but there is one lesson which has never been learnt so well in any other land—"How not to do it."

I need hardly say that foreign books have been looked after pretty sharply; English books on political subjects are almost prohibited—at all events, they are dangerous possessions. We had a young friend, whose uncle, a duke, stood well with the government, and who made an unsuccessful application to study international law at the University; he was intended for a diplomatic life, and M. Bianchini told him very plainly that there was no hurry about that study—he would have plenty of time for it when he had a diplomatic appointment, if indeed he should continue to think it worth his attention, which, said M. Bianchini, he would very probably not do. As, however, the young man had talents and ambition, and I thought looked forward to a state of things in which ignorance would be no longer a recommendation, he determined to study, and to fit

himself for his profession. F—, at his request, lent him Grotius, Puffendorf, De Lolme, and Lord Brougham's Political Philosophy.

After about ten days the books were all brought back, with the admission that a domiciliary visit had been paid; and it was not thought advisable for the present to continue political studies. What can be expected from the nobility of a country, when they are thus studiously kept in ignorance. We hear of some strange doings at the Austrian and Prussian custom-houses about books; and I believe it to be a fact that an astronomonical work on "The Revolutions of the Planets called Asteroids" was prohibited in Russia, because books about *revolutions* were not deemed wholesome in that country. But we have things here quite as ridiculous. You will readily suppose that the censorship of the press is no mere nominal one. About a year ago a young author produced a comedy, in which one of the characters declared that "by fast living his con-

stitution was much shaken." He was sent for,—and the censor politely informed him that though the general moral of the piece was unobjectionable, it could not be performed,—and this luckless expression was pointed out as the cause of prohibition.

"But, Eccellenza,—the phrase is in daily use,—and no one attaches any political significance to it."

"That may be," said the censor, "but the word *constitution* ought to be avoided,—it is so susceptible of being misunderstood."

"Well, Eccellenza, we will, if you please, alter the phrase, and substitute the word *health*."

"Much better—much better,—but I fear I cannot allow the play to be represented,—because the use of the word *constitution*, which, by the way is not classical Italian, with such a signification, indicates a turn of thought which is not to be approved."

Ultimately, and after much trouble, the comedy

was acted,—and a very mild affair it was. F—— said it reminded him of a bottle of small beer, with the cork left out, and then set in the sun.

I dare say I am telling you an old story, when I relate the adventures of a set of Waverley Novels, here in Italy. They were consigned to a gentleman, who was an admirer of English literature,—and when the name of the book, and the author, were read out for the information of the inspector, who sat at a high desk, and did not look at the volumes himself, he immediately declared that the work was prohibited. The clerk, who read the name Walter Scott, pronounced it as any Italian would do,—Voltaire Scott.

"This, sir, is Voltaire *Scott*."

"Well, sir, and what then. Voltaire's works are prohibited; and I do not see what difference the Scott makes."

"Well!" I think I hear somebody exclaim, "Science at any rate is patronized in Naples, especially astronomy. Revolutions on earth may be greatly discouraged; but revolutions in heaven

are studied with some success. Seven of the small planets between Jupiter and Mars have been discovered at Naples,—and, with Vesuvius and Etna, not to speak of Lipari and Stromboli at hand, chemistry and geology must be pretty well off."

Alas! for the bare truth, chemistry and geology are rarely studied at all; and the asteroids have been not discovered by the astronomer royal, but by M. Gasparis, an astronomer unconnected with the government. There have been able astronomers, at the head of the national establishment, but the chief of these, M. Nobile and M. Capocci, were discharged, on account of being suspected of political liberalism. There is an institution on Mount Vesuvius, called the "Specola," the object of which is to record all the metereological phenomena which are exhibited in that interesting locality; but not more than sixty pounds per annum is allotted to it; and not much more to the Royal Observatory. The censorship is quite as mischievous, and quite

as active, in matters of science as it is in those of literature. When a scientific book is published, it is carefully examined by the Jesuits, to see that no doctrines opposed to their own are taught or implied in its pages; and I have seen in print that the phrase "inanimate nature" was removed, because, in the opinion of the censor—a Jesuit—it looked a little like Pantheism, if, indeed, it did not touch upon the confines of Atheism.

In the year 1864 a new light was thrown on the subject of education in Sicily, by the publication of a small pamphlet, by a learned and intelligent German, D. Lindenkohl. For seven years he officiated as minister of the Evangelical congregation at Messina, and had therefore the best opportunity of knowing what was really done in the island. His account is most discouraging; for though, as I have before observed, Sicily would not seem to be behind the rest of Europe—if we take the statistics furnished by government—yet when these come to be tested, and the educational resources of the

country come to be examined, it will appear that there is little beyond the statistics themselves; and even here there is a difficulty in the enqurier's way. It may seem strange, and almost incredible, that the very situation of the building used by the university, in a town like Messina, was not easy to find, even by a resident, and yet Dr. Lindenkohl declares that this was his case; and when he had ascertained where the university was, he next had the mortification to find that the time was over, and the building closed. Not only were there vacations from June to November, besides shorter ones at Easter and Christmas, taking up thus six months of the year, but all saints' days; all the fête days of the royal family were celebrated as seasons of relaxation from study; and, when these did not come on fast enough, every fifth day was consecrated to repose.

He gives a sad picture of the quality of the instruction given. It was not at all out of keeping with its quantity; and though

he found twenty-six colleges in the island, and two thousand four hundred pupils, he deliberately calls their studies "mockery and nonsense." Yet bad as the case is, it is still a considerable improvement on what it was in the time of Ferdinand I.,—for in the year 1800 Reuchlin computes that there were only one thousand five hundred persons in all Sicily able to read and write. Even now, little is attempted, beyond the most elementary instruction. Greek literature is all but ignored,—and Dr. Lindenkohl speaks in most contemptuous terms even of the Latin. What, indeed, can be expected, when the Cardinal Archbishop of Messina, being addressed by a distinguished foreigner in Latin, replied, by his Secretary, that he did not understand the French language? The professors in the universities receive from twenty-five to thirty pounds per annum; and there are no fees for lectures. In 1847 there was only one student of Hebrew in Sicily; and only ten years later there was an announcement pub- in the official Gazette of the two Sicilies,—"That

as the cholera had broken out at Breslau, ships coming from that port would be subject to ten days' quarantine at Messina."

It is difficult to charge all these deficiencies on the Jesuits; but it is certain that they could remedy them if they pleased; and hopes are everywhere expressed that, when they have no longer the direction of public education, it will begin to make progress.

Letter IX.

SICILY AND THE SICILIANS.

Hatred between the Sicilians and the Neapolitans.—Number of clergy and nobility.—Character of the roads.—Peasantry.—Castro Giovanni.—The key of the island.—Palermo, its plan; houses communicating with convents; population and trade.—Indolence of the people.—Anecdote.—Crime frequent.—Attachment to Garabaldi.—General insecurity of the country.—Remarkable reason for having no revolution.

If I were inclined to write a guide book, I could tell you a great deal about Sicily and its inhabitants; but you may find a tolerable history of its churches and mountains, its palaces and its gardens, in a great variety of publications very easy of access. For the same reason I shall say

nothing about the ancient glory and civilization of the country, the magnificence of Syracuse and the power of Dionysius. I have no time for the ancients, and but little space to spare for the arts, and certainly among the modern Sicilians, these last do not flourish.

My acquaintance with Sicily is of some ten years date, and during that period I have made frequent visits to Palermo. I have scaled Mount Etna, and have seen several times Messina, Catania, Syracuse, and Marsala. On the whole, I do not hesitate to say that my impression of Sicily is a very favourable one. The people differ in many respects very essentially from the Neapolitans, whom they hate with a perfect hatred, and are thoroughly hated in return; they imagine that the Neapolitans are a greedy and cowardly race, willing to bend to slavery, and careless about all but material prosperity. They have been such severe sufferers by the tyranny of Neapolitan monarchs; their rights have been so coolly ignored; and they have experienced

treachery of so stupendous a character, that in addition to the antipathy of race, there is a deep rooted political dislike between the two nations.

The Sicilians, as a body, do not care one straw whether Naples is free or not. They wished well to Garibaldi, because they knew he would uproot the dominion of the destested Bourbons, and that, through his agency, the family of the odious Bomba would be, as they hoped, for ever discrowned; but I really do not believe that merely to secure freedom to Naples ten Sicilians would shoulder a musket. They consider themselves as infinitely greater and more noble than their quondam fellow subjects, and boast of pedigrees, such as Naples cannot show. They are, in point of fact, a more thinking people, graver in manner, and far more inclined to the study of politics; but they are quite as restless, even more ignorant, and scarcely more warlike than their neighbours on the main land. It has often occurred to me that the Sicilians were more Spanish than the Neapolitans, and especially that the old provin-

cial race which is found peopling Marseilles, Genoa, and Barcelona, and which now has its head-quarters in the Balearic Isles, must make a majority of this people. They have a mixture of Norman blood, a still larger infusion of the Saracenic elements, and they have a semi-oriental air which has come down to them from their Moslem conquerors. Their very language or dialect contains a considerable number of Spanish and Arabic words, and their architecture bears tokens of the same influence.

The peasantry are a finer race, more dignified in manners, and less prone to peculation than the same class among the Neapolitans; but the higher orders, and especially the nobility, have greatly degenerated through so long a continuance of despotism. This may be partly accounted for by their numbers; it has been humourously remarked,—take away the priests, monks, nuns, nobles, and lawyers, and there would not be twenty people left in Sicily. They have to keep up a certain style, and their revenues are ridiculously insuffi-

cient. The soil, in general, is extremely fertile, but the mode of cultivation is most primitive; throughout the greater part of the island there are no roads, and those that do exist are such as would be hardly deemed passable in any other European country. I suppose I can best make you understand what they are like by requesting you to picture to yourself the very worst parish road in England, and then add a ruinous wall, about four feet high, on each side.*

There will be just room for two carts to pass, and loose stones enough in ten miles, if properly broken up, to make a good road across the whole island. As it is, the only decent one is that which runs from Messina to Palermo. It is continued from Messina to Syracuse, on the east, though not in very good condition, and along the south coast from Syracuse to Marsala it is not unfrequently a myth. Travellers go as they best can; the natives do not migrate much, and as the

* These are the old Moorish roads, of which there are very few remaining; for the most part a road merely means a bridle path, encumbered with brush-wood, stones, lava, and every other imaginable obstacle.

whole country, with the exception of some comparatively level lands south of Castro Giovanni, is one great mountain broken into pieces, there is not much probability of the introduction of railroads. In fact, the straits of Messina are merely a break in the Apennine range, and the north-eastern portion of the island is even more rugged than the continent. There is no country in which it is more difficult to find one's way than Sicily; the gorges and defiles of the mountains are curiously perplexing, and if the country were held by a patriotic people against a foreign foe, its subjugation would be almost an impossibility. Very nearly in the centre of the island is an elevated plain, about five miles in extent, on which is built the town and fortress of Castro Giovanni. Strategically, this point is said to be the key to the whole country, and it was imagined that Garibaldi would seize upon this fortress, and from thence direct his attacks against Palermo, Messina, Syracuse, and Catania. I am not qualified to

speak on this subject with any authority myself, but, from the nature of the position, I have no doubt that it is so. It is one of those plains, of which there are several in Sicily, wholly on the mountain tops, and is at least one thousand two hundred feet above the level of the sea.

That Garibaldi did not adopt this policy, proves his knowledge that the people were already with him, and that it was only necessary for him to attack the strong holds of kingly power. The cities of Sicily are numerous and interesting; they contain an unusually large portion ot the population, the whole of which amounts to little more than two millions, while Palermo, Messina, and the other chief towns on the coast contain no fewer than four hundred and thirty thousand. Palermo is a beautiful city; it is better built than Naples, and its situation is almost equally lovely. Wild, abrupt mountains close in the plain on which it stands, and the only open side is that which faces the sea. The plain is fertile and verdant, and so highly is it admired, that it has received the name of the

concho d'oro (the shell of gold). Exquisite gardens encompass the city, and with its flat roofs and abundance of foliage, it only wants minarets and domes to recal the beauties of more oriental scenes.

The plan of the city is tolerably regular; it is divided into four nearly equal parts by two straight and well-built streets; the one called the Strada di Toledo extends in a right line from the Porta Felice, which opens on the sea to the Porta Nuova, a little beyond the Piazza Reale, in which stands the Palace; the other street, called the Strada Nuova or Macqueda, crosses the Toledo at right angles, and reaches from the Porta Macqueda on the north-west to the Porta de Vicari on the south-east. Of these two, the Toledo is the best built, and the most frequented—at least, by the better dressed people; and here it is that the finest churches and palaces are to be seen. We are accustomed, in all foreign cities, to find families occupying separate flats in large houses, and the

plan has its advantages, so much so, indeed, that it has begun to be adopted in England also, the tall houses in Victoria Street, Westminster, being examples; but we are not prepared for such arrangements as those which occasionally prevail in Palermo. Here we sometimes find the upper part of a house entirely cut off from the lower, so as to have no means of access to and from the street, but having subterranean passages leading to some of the numerous nunneries in the city, by means of which the recluses obtain better air and a livelier prospect than if they were altogether confined to their own walls. This is the more necessary, because there are no gardens in Palermo, and the flat roofs of the houses are therefore greatly in request. Now, as the houses in the Toledo are higher than the rest in the city, they present the great advantage (to nuns) of not being overlooked. Stories are told of carriages and horses kept in these lofty solitudes; but these are at best apochryphal. When F—— was in Cadiz, he joined a party of gentlemen, who went

shooting sparrows on the tops of the houses, and wore leather gaiters to do it; but I rather doubt the carriage drives in Palermo. I shall only add that, though the population of the city is but one hundred and sixty thousand, we have three theatres, a university, a splendid public garden, called La Flora, to which is joined a large botanical garden, a fine promenade by the sea, called La Marina, and monasteries and nunneries more than can easily be reckoned.

The harbour is small, but the trade considerable, especially in silk, which is the principal production of the island. The habits of the people are simple and abstemious. They are easily satisfied, but I could not help noticing a trace of bitterness in the way in which I have been sometimes told, such and such things "are good enough for us Sicilians, but they are not fit for foreigners." I think there is a shade more industry among the islanders than among their neighbours, but I fear I cannot say much. They have little notion of the value of time, and their

procrastination is worthy of Naples itself. I have always laid my account with their being too late, and have not often been deceived. Last time I was in Palermo I sent a leather travelling bag to be repaired, stating I was leaving the city, and must have it in two hours' time. All that was necessary to do could have easily been accomplished in ten minutes.

Half an hour before my departure I sent for it.

"La signora shall have it in a few minutes."

I had to send again, and then found the worthy operator had cut off the straps, but had done nothing else.

"I must have the bag as it was."

"Yes, no doubt the signora could have the bag; but, she must pay for what had been done."

"Nothing has been done. You have only taken off what was wanted."

"Very well; no doubt it was so; but the signora must pay for it."

And so it was. I had to pay a carlino for having straps taken off instead of a rent being

mended. I trace, in this quiet exaction, some remnant of the Spanish spirit. In the interior of that country, they charge you at the posadas for the noise—*por el ruido.* Such a charge was often made to F——.

"I," said he, on one occasion, "have made no noise—you and your people have made it."

"That may be," said the posadero. "I do not know, *pero el Caballero lo pagara*—the gentleman will pay all the same."

Crimes in Sicily are but too frequent, and the use of the knife prevails to an alarming degree. But recently some dreadful outrages took place at Bronte, and it required all the authority of General Bixio to restore order. Nor was this done till after the exaction of a large war contribution, and threats of greater severities. The people of Bronte are, however, among the most ferocious in Sicily, and had acquired an unenviable reputation by seizing on the estates given to Lord Nelson, who was created Duke of Bronte, and dividing them,

murdering, at the same time, the superintendent appointed to manage them. I understand that the trade of the island is rapidly increasing, and have been offered some statistics to prove the extent which it has now attained; but if I were to send them you would not read them, and I will therefore save myself the trouble.

The manner in which the people have supported Garibaldi, has been the cause of much encouragement among the friends of Sicily, and is, in fact, much more remarkable than the assistance he has received from the Neapolitans. The towns in Sicily felt the oppression of their rulers most keenly, and it may be that the very fact of their greater distance from the seat of government laid them more open to the atrocities of the royal agents. But in the interior, the government had comparatively little power, and even less influence. Nothing was more common than to hear the peasantry and small proprietors say, that in Sicily the king had Palermo and Messina; but that the rest of the island belonged

to the Sicilians! They spoke habitually of *il buon governo*, as something with which they had themselves little to do; discussed the arrests and imprisonments which took place in the cities as things apart from themselves, and seemed to care very little what became of the Palermitans or Messinians. That they should have risen at the call of Garibaldi is, therefore, the more to their credit, and it will occasion the less surprise that he should have found it sometimes necessary to call twice. When F—— was travelling in Sicily, he found that there was a general sense of insecurity during the night. No one would willingly go out after sunset. Brigandage was looked upon as the established order of things and yet there seemed to be nothing for the brigands to steal. Diligences there were none; travelling was scarcely indulged in at all; and what was more extraordinary, no one was able to distinguish between the gendarmerie and the robbers. If any indiscreet question was asked, there was a stereotyped reply, drawn from the traditions of

the Spanish times—*Chi sa?* (*Quien sabe?*) and the subject was dismissed. The townspeople discussed revolutions and barricades, and frankly confessed that the reason why they did not succeed in Sicily was, that "to make a revolution there needs a people, *and we have no people.*"

Letter X.

CALABRIA AND THE CALABRIANS.

Calabria little known.—Beauty of Reggio.—Brigandage —Excursion to Bova.—Greek spoken there.—The people called Turchi.—Lax mode of imprisonment.—Pentidatilo.—The Five-finger rocks.—Curious visit —A Turco.—Silk cultivation.—Odour of silkworms and cocoons.—Singular mode of flavouring lemonade.—Ignorance of the Calabrians; their opinions of the English and French.

I have never been in Calabria, save for a day at Reggio, where F—— and I went in our friend P——'s yacht, from Messina, and back again the day after—so that I cannot tell you much about that romantic country, and its scarcely less romantic inhabitants. But as I have access to

F——'s note-book, and he gives me leave to make what use of it I can, I shall extract and modify, and tell you some of his adventures, and what he thought of the people and the place.

It is three years ago that he made his tour, but I hardly think anyone likely to write a letter to England has been there since, not even a "Special Correspondent," so my descriptions will, I apprehend, be about the newest on record. F—— was taken to Reggio in a yacht, so I have no notes about the country between Naples and the Calabrian capital. But I speak from pleasant recollections when I say that Reggio is one of the most exquisitely lovely spots in the world. The country around, fertile in the extreme, is one vast garden. Oranges and lemons grow in the groves; the hedges are of cactus and aloes; here and there a palm tells how near we are to the tropics; and the climate is as healthy as it is pleasant. The prospect of Sicily over the deep blue Strait of Messina, the mountains of a thousand hues, and Etna, with its wreaths of white cloudlets, the

beautiful, but terrible token of the fires below, towering over all the peaks around and between, form, to my mind, the grandest view I have ever beheld. And it is not only the beauties of Nature which challenge our admiration here. The city is a fine, well-built town, the streets are straight, and the houses convenient.

If fashion would but say the word there is no part of the Italian peninsula which would be so crowded with visitors as this. The people are hospitable and friendly; provisions abundant, excellent, and very cheap, and it is neglected simply because it is easier to go to Palermo from Naples by sea, than to stop anywhere on the way, and run the risk of such abominable travelling as Southern Italy affords; and, indeed, this is not adapted for ladies and invalids. Your accommodations will be of the roughest; you will have your choice between a mule and a Calabrian pony, a brute as sure-footed, and as pig-headed as a Shetland, and you must do without dainties. Then, on the other hand, you will

have scenery, such as I verily believe you can find nowhere else, and will travel among a simple-minded people, who will pay you every attention in their power. You will not encounter any of those stupendous brigand costumes, which go far to make the fortunes of melo-dramas in England, nor are you very likely to meet with a genuine Massaroni, to put you to sore dismay and discomfiture; there are brigands, but they are not numerous near Reggio, and generally know pretty well who are worth robbing.

The moment you quit the plain and ascend the mountains, the road becomes rugged, impassible for ordinary cattle, or ordinary horses. You are best off with a mule, and in this way F— travelled, having a guide with him, of course, for going by one's self would be an absurdity not to be dreamed of. His great object was to see Pentedatilo, Bova, and Gerace, and, if possible, to extend his tour as far as Rocella and Stilo; and, as you will see, it was not merely because these were picturesque places that he

visited, or that I describe them. This country formed a part of the Magna Grecia of old, and F—'s object was to investigate such remains as might yet be existing of those who first colonized this glorious land. I need not dwell on the difficulties of the way; suffice it, he found himself at Bova, and among a population, a considerable part of whom do really speak a corrupt Greek, and are descended from ancient Greeks, though of what era it it not easy to decide.

The Calabrians around there do not hold them in much estimation, and call them, by a rather singular mistake, "Turchi." F— heard of a Turco who had killed one of his compatriots in the morning, and was carried off to prison, where he might remain a year, or might remain a few days, just as circumstances might decide; for, in remote parts, it was not a very uncommon thing for a prisoner to be permitted to escape, and yet kept, as far as his name was concerned, on the roll of the establishment; this arrangement served two purposes, the supposed prisoner enjoyed his liberty, and

pursued his usual occupations, good or bad, which he undoubtedly preferred to the inside of an Italian prison, while, in the meantime, the gaoler drew the allowance which would have supplied necessaries to the culprit had he been in custody. In case of the superior authorities enquiring about him, he might be absent without leave, whenever such investigation became troublesome. These "Turchi," as they are absurdly called, associate only with their own class; they approximate to their Italian neighbours in costume and habits, save that they are decidedly less courteous, and as to their religion, F— found no one that could tell him anything about it. In saying "E Turco," he is a Turk, the Calabrian peasant means that he is not a christian, scarcely a fellow-creature, and especially that he himself knows and wishes to know nothing about him.

Bova is built on the shelving and precipitate sides of a high mountain; no road could reach it, but, having arrived within a certain distance of the houses, you then go up flights of steps, cut in the

solid rock. The city, for such it is, is in the highest degree picturesque, but also in the highest degree irregular. F— describes it thus: fancy a vast collection of rocks, of every size and form, a few forests, a number of old houses, a church or two, and a mediæval castle; then imagine these all mixed together in broken masses, by the wand of an enchanter, and put down on the highest peaks of a sub-alpine country, but surrounded by a vegetation inconceivably rich and lovely, and you will have some notion of this strangest of all strange places. It seems, however, that the town is coming down to the seaside for the greater convenience of traffic. The public offices are already transferred to the coast, and perhaps half a century will see Bova only a heap of all but inaccessible ruins; meantime, whatever the rest of the Calabrians may say, it boasts of its christianity, has its bishop and its cathedral, and certainly its inhabitants do not worship "Macometto."

Pentidatilo is a still higher and more inaccessible

place; it derives its name, which is Greek, and signifies "five fingers," from the peculiar form of the rock on which it is built; this, which consists of five sharp and shattered peaks, cuts the clear sky of Calabria with very much the appearance of a gigantic hand pointing to the sky. F—'s guide caught a *Turco*, and with some difficulty, persuaded him to act as Cicerone, while he himself remained below; so F— and the *Turco* went up together, F—— trying hard to make the Turco understand ancient Greek and modern Italian, both of which tongues seemed equally strange. It was "weary work, indeed, and labor dire," but up they did get, and into about the queerest collection of ruinous houses ever seen, without glass windows, and seemingly by some inconceivable freak of nature, to have grown out of the solid rock. How the men stared, and the women ran away and hid themselves, and children, by scores, of a light mahogany colour, and without a partial of clothing, tumbled over one another in the ravines between the houses; how there seemed to be nothing eatable in the

place but onions, save only one huge water-melon; and how the Turco appeared utterly perplexed as to what he had done, and what he was to do next; and how F— relieved him from his embarrassment by offering him a couple of carlini, which he took without a word, and then came deliberately back again, after an expedition which had taken four hours to accomplish. All this, and more, I should like you to hear F— tell, for I feel that I cannot do anything like justice to it. But whether it was worth while to go through so much for so small a result—as was once said on a very different occasion—I shall not take upon me to decide.

All this part of Calabria is abundant in silk; it is finer than the produce of Sicily, though that is of great value. What silk merchants call Italian "organzine," and which makes the warp or woof of most fabrics—the shoot or weft bing of Chinese or Indian silk is chiefly obtained from these regions, and as F— had introductions to many of the merchants or growers, he obtained a

great amount of information as to this important branch of Italian commerce. But one inconvenience does undoubtedly attend the production of this beautiful material. Silkworms, when in great numbers, are extremely, but not pleasantly odoriferous; the cocoons and chrysalides stand in the same category, and as every available space is made over to them, a strong stomach is not a needless accompaniment for a stranger. I have read somewhere that on Mount Lebanon, where a great deal of silk is grown, the odour becomes agreeable to the inhabitants, in consequence of long custom, and that they actually flavour lemonade with the cocoons, and send it as a great delicacy to their wealthy friends. As to the education possessed by the Calabrians, the less said about it the better. Geography is clearly not a strong point, even with the better informed. F— was twice asked by persons, who really ought to have known better, whether the English were or were not *Turchi*, whether we had any churches, what was the difference between the Francesi and

the Inglesi, and other questions of a similar nature. Their general notion of England seemed to be that it was a place where everybody was exceedingly free, and amazingly rich, but where there were no trees, no flowers, no sunshine, and no fruits, where salt beef and salt fish formed the staple food of the people, where the grass was a dull mud colour, and music, dancing, and churches were things unknown.

Letter XI.

THE LIFE OF FERDINAND I.

The one good Bourbon sovereign of Naples—Charles III.—Accession of Ferdinand I.—When so called—His early days—First acts of Royal authority—Love of the chase—Father Rocco—Marriage with Caroline of Austria—Her influence—Increase of oppression—The French Revolution—Flight of the king—Lord Nelson and Lady Hamilton at Naples—Plots of Cardinal Ruffo—The Parthenopœan Republic—Its close—Letters of the Queen—Atrocities of the Lazzaroni—Execution of Caracciolo—Restoration of the king—The promised Constitution refused—The king's second flight—Joseph Bonaparte on the throne—Succession of Murat—Charles IV. of Spain at Naples—His death—M. de Soval and his title—Father Rocco's sermon—Revolution at Nola—Congress at Laybach—Royal letter—Battles at Rieto and Leonessa—Death of the king.

It will not be necessary, as we have already stated, to enter at length on the history of the two Sicilies previous to the accession of Ferdi-

nand I. It would but be to give in detail those scenes of oppression and tyranny which will be found repeated under the rule of the Bourbon family. The one good sovereign of whom Naples can boast, was Charles III.; and, on his accession to a brighter crown, that of Naples and Sicily fell to his infant son Ferdinand, then called Ferdinand IV. But as in the course of his reign, the two Sicilies were formally united, not merely under one crown, but as one nation, the Congress of Vienna decided that the sovereign title should be changed from Ferdinand IV. to Ferdinand I. This was carried into effect in 1817. An explanation is necessary, as writers sometimes call him by one, and sometimes by the other title, according to the date of their works.

On the accession of Charles III. to the throne of Spain, in 1759, he resigned the crown of the Two Sicilies to his son Ferdinand—the treaty of Vienna not permitting the union of the two states. Ferdinand, being then only eight years of age, his father, previous to leaving the king-

dom, appointed a regency of eight, at the head of whom was Tanucci. He had been minister of Charles for some years, and was permitted by the rest—who were ignorant, inexperienced men—to take upon himself the sole direction of the Government. Domenico Cattaneo, Prince of San Nicandro, was tutor to the young prince, a choice in every way unfortunate, for, being himself entirely without education—utterly ignorant of all connected with arts, sciences and polity—he did not see the necessity for the prince's acquiring what he did not possess himself. He, therefore, readily fell into the views of Tanucci, who, eager to retain absolute power, considered his best chance of doing so would be to leave the royal boy to follow his own inclinations for pleasure, and to avoid burdening him with learning, which would make him troublesome to those about him.

Ferdinand had inherited his father's love for the chase. Charles had built the Palace of Capo de Monti for the simple reason that during the

month of August beccaficoes were there in great abundance. Ferdinand left entirely to his own devices, divided his time between hunting at Caserta, fishing on the lake Fusaro, and roaming about the lowest quarters of Naples, listening to the open-air sermons of Father Rocco, or chatting and swearing with his favourite companions, the lazzaroni. With these he was ever most popular. From them he received the familiar, affectionate *soubriquet* of "Nasone" (Nosey), which he retained to the day of his death. With French, Italian and Spanish blood in his veins, he never wrote or spoke either language correctly. The only tongue with which he was thoroughly conversant was the dialect of the "Môle"—the Billingsgate of Naples. Utterly ignorant of history, past or present, scarcely able to read and write, he became a daring rider, an expert swordsman, and a first rate shot. On his attaining his majority, on the 12th January, 1769, being then sixteen—the age his father had fixed for his attaining the reins of government—he took his

place at the head of the Council. The first order he gave was for the removal of the inkstand, lest it should suggest writing; and, as he could not dispense with the ceremony of affixing his signature to state papers, he had his name engraved on a stamp, which, with few exceptions, and those cases of great importance, he used to the day of his death. One of the earliest acts of his independent administration, gave great umbrage to the Pope, Pius VI. Ferdinand ordered the expulsion of the Jesuits from the kingdom. It is probable that his close intimacy with the lazzaroni led to the intense hatred he ever manifested towards all orders of priesthood, the one and sole exception being that of Father Rocco, to whose course but powerful harangues he had often listened in the open air during his wanderings on foot in search of adventure. However this may be, it is certain that neither the Pope's entreaties nor menaces had any effect in inducing him to consent to the return of the priestly intriguer.

The early part of the reign of Ferdinand was by no means unfavourable to the people. His father, great-grandson of Louis XIV., and first of the Bourbon princes who reigned over the Two Sicilies, was a good, wise, and benevolent sovereign. He governed with justice and moderation. Under him the Neapolitans enjoyed greater freedom and happiness than they have ever since possessed. His minister, Tanucci, subsequently Regent during the minority of his son, and minister to Ferdinand after he attained his majority, was a man of limited capacity and deficient education. Although fond of power, and unscrupulous in his method of retaining it, as has been seen in his conniving at the neglect of the young prince's education, he does not appear to have abused it. Ferdinand, on attaining his majority, took two very decided steps. He expelled the inkstand from the Council table and the Jesuits from the kingdom, and then, thinking that he had done enough in the way of kingship for a long life, gave himself up anew to his hunting,

his fishing, and his dear lazzaroni. Descended in direct line from "le grand Monarque," he resembled him in the close attention to etiquette which he exacted from the nobility about his person.

A certain shot himself, he required those who hunted with him to hit the animal only in the back of the shoulder. He never quite forgave anyone who was so unfortunate as to break this rule; his rancour sometimes being betrayed by more serious results than merely excluding the offender from the royal chase. On one occasion, having hunted all day in the forest of Fienzza, the hunters being assembled round a double row of slaughtered wild boars, the King perceived that one of them had been hit in the belly. The blood rushed up to his brow—"*Che è il porco che ha fatto un tel colpo?*" he shouted ("What pig has fired such a shot?")"

"It was I, sire," replied the Prince de San Cataldo; "do I deserve hanging for that?"

"No," said the King, "but you must stop at home."

The Prince never after received an invitation to join the royal hunt. He was equally severe in the matter of shaved chins, powdered wigs, and knee breeches. One day the young Prince Pappius Ruffo, who had lost all in the service of the King, had sacrificed family, fortune, and country to follow him, appeared thoughtlessly in his presence, without powder, and with the large beard and whiskers so much in vogue in Naples at that time. The king made one spring from his seat, like the bound of an enraged tiger, and seizing him with both hands by the beard,

"Ah! monster, thief, jacobin," screamed he, hoarse with passion, "do you come from some club, that you dare to appear before me thus?"

"No, sire," said the young Prince, "I came from a prison, where I have passed two months for my too devoted attachment to your Majesty's person!"

The prince was never forgiven, although he shaved his beard, powdered his hair, and exchanged his trousers for knee breeches. In strong contrast to this rigid adherence to etiquette, stood the king's love of low society; his coarse, uneducated speech; and the familiarity he chose to permit from the lowest of his subjects.

On his marriage with Caroline of Austria, daughter of the celebrated Maria Theresa, and sister of the unfortunate Marie Antoinette, Tanucci found in the Queen a formidable antagonist, and successful competitor for absolute power. Endowed with great talents, haughty, daring, altogether unscrupulous in the means she used to gratify her ambition and love of dominion, Caroline neglected nothing that would forward her designs. She encouraged the king's fondness for pleasure, appealed to him on all points of etiquette, occasionally joined in his vulgar amusements, and by means of spies and emissaries in all directions, gradually worked her way to absolute power.

Tanucci struggled to oppose her designs, se-

cretly and openly, but she triumphed over any opposition he could offer, and finally procured his banishment. He never recovered from the blow, but died in 1777, poor, childless, and broken hearted.

From the time that Caroline virtually governed in the king's name, the condition of the people became worse. Fresh laws were passed, which pressed more heavily upon them; the ministers and nobility, given up to pleasure, thought only of peopling their parks with deer and wild boars, in order to obtain the honour of a visit from the king. The abbesses in the neighbourhood did not scruple to follow their example, and from time to time solicited Ferdinand in moving terms, to grant the poor recluses under their care the solace of a royal hunt. To the honour of the royal heart, be it said, they were seldom refused. The king usually passed his evenings at cards, his favourite game being reversi. A certain President Cardillo, one of the most passionate men in all Sicily, having gained the favour

of his royal master by the care with which he removed every hair from his chin and head, covering the latter with an imposing wig, was most often chosen as partner, an honour which was more amusing to the surrounding Court than productive of comfort to himself. If fortune went against his Majesty, poor Cardillo's head became the mark for cards, candlesticks, money, counters, whatever came to hand; the king, who well knew his infirmity, never taking his eye off him, and delighting in addressing some questions to him when his suppressed rage was almost too great to allow of his giving the answer required. At times, when Ferdinand had had a particularly good day's sport, and nothing had occurred to ruffle his temper, he would indulge in his crowning delight. A kind of tavern was got up in the Court yard, the king became "mine host," the queen hostess, and the courtiers waiters. The produce of the day's hunting and fishing was put up for sale, his majesty swearing and quarrelling with some small tradesman, in his endeavour to

drive a hard bargain about the price of a red mullet or a beccafico.

Gallantry was not one of the king's vices. He rarely visited his colony of San Lucio, the Neapolitan "*Parc aux cerfs*," a village which, in consideration of the inhabitants all claiming relationship with the Royal house, still enjoys the privilege of exemption from taxation and conscription.

The reign of Ferdinand passed tranquilly enough until the breaking out of the French Revolution; the course of events, however, then assumed an aspect too alarming to allow even a man of the king's character to remain indifferent That great convulsion had roused all the oppressed against their leaders. France had been proclaimed a Republic. The king, urged on by the queen, not only joined the princes who entered into a league to stay the tide of revolution, but made great warlike preparations, raised a large, though ill-disciplined army, and attacked the French in the neighbourhood of Rome. He was

driven back by a comparatively small force, only saving his life by flight to Naples. On the journey he exchanged dresses with the Duke d'Ascoli, his equerry, and addressed and served him as an inferior during the journey. The French followed him to his capital. The lower classes and the lazzaroni, with whom the king was popular, made a sturdy but ineffectual resistance. Ferdinand determined to seek refuge at Palermo. The Admiral Caracciolo placed a frigate at his majesty's disposal. The king refused to accept it, and applied to Admiral Lord Nelson for a safe convoy. This was granted, and our hero received on board, the royal party and Lady Hamilton, whose intimacy with the queen needs no comment here.

The voyage was not without its disasters. A contrary wind prevented the vessel getting out of the gulf. It was necessary to put back and cast anchor a short distance from the coast, which gave the ministers, magistrates, and officers an opportunity of entreating his Majesty to return.

This he peremptorily refused to do, and urged Nelson the more to make for sea, where, however, a terrific storm broke over them. The foremast and bowsprit were carried away; but Nelson, with his usual good fortune, weathered the storm; and the same evening the whole party were landed in safety at Palermo.

In the meantime, Naples was taken by Championnet. Nobility and citizens all joined the revolution with ardour. The Parthenopean Republic was proclaimed and all, save the lazzaroni, forgot that most excellent man "King Nosey."

His Majesty, with a philosophy perfectly in keeping with the rest of his character, contented himself with cursing the instability of his subjects; and having ascertained that game was in great abundance in the neighbourhood of the Palace "La Favorita," in which he had taken up his abode, he ordered a hunt for day-break next morning.

In the evening, having had a most satisfactory

day's sport, he entertained the Court with an account of his flight to Naples, and chuckled with delight at the idea that, had he and the Duke d'Ascoli been taken, the latter might have run the chance of being hanged in his stead.

Among those who had accompanied the King was Fabrizio, Cardinal Ruffo.

This man, born of a poor but noble family, had, by his talent for intrigue, obtained the favour of Pope Pius VI., by whom he was made Cardinal. The rapidity with which he amassed an enormous fortune, drew attention to the unscrupulous means he employed for the purpose. He received a hint that his resignation would be accepted. Ruffo tendered it, and sought the favour of King Nasone. This he readily obtained, and was appointed Master of the Household at Caserta, where he served faithfully his royal patron. Ruffo followed the fortunes of the King into Sicily; and, while the latter occupied his days with hunts in his own forests—in that of the President Cardillo—or those of the Lady Abbesses, in the

neighbourhood,—and his evenings with ombre, whist, or reversi,—the Cardinal patiently watched events, and planned the restoration of his royal master to Naples.

In 1792 the opportunity presented itself. Fortune turned against the Republicans in Italy. The Armies of the French Republic suffered repeated defeats. The Russian and Turkish fleets had re-taken some of the Ionian Islands, besieged Corfu, and threatened the coast of Italy.

Ruffo felt the time for action had come. He applied to the King for full power to act in his name; and departed for Calabria, where he was successful in rousing the people to resistance to the French arms.

A few months later Ferdinand received the intelligence that Nelson had been appointed to the general command of the Russian, Turkish, and English Fleets. A few short days more, and the whole aspect of affairs had changed. Ruffo was in possession of Naples; the Parthenopean Republic had ceased to exist; and the republicans had, with

difficulty, obtained from the four attacking powers a capitulation, which guaranteed their lives and properties.

The King had, previously to the combined action in his favour, published a manifesto, offering his subjects in the Two Sicilies, a constitution and redress for all grievances. When, however, he was told of the capitulation, and that it had been signed by Foote, for England; by Bailley, for Russia; by Bounieu, for Turkey; and, on his behalf, by Cardinal Ruffo, he flew into a violent rage, swore he would never consent to treat with rebels,—and urged on by the haughty Austrian Princess who shared his throne, he refused, with a firmness worthy of a better cause, to return in any other character than that of a mighty and triumphant King, with full liberty to do as he pleased with his offending subjects.

And here allusion must be made to an episode in this strange history, which we would willingly forget.

I have already spoken of the close intimacy

between Caroline, the Queen, and Lady Hamilton.

Nelson, whose honour was compromised by the signature of his representative, who ought to have proved himself the inflexible defender of justice and humanity, yielded to the wiles and entreaties of the woman he was so unfortunate as to love, and for her sake gave up to the vengeance of a heartless and unprincipled Austrian, the lives and properties of five millions of people, whom he had undertaken to protect. Nor could he plead ignorance of the intentions of Ferdinand. The very letter from the Queen to Lady Hamilton, which urged her to exert her atal influence over the feelings of Nelson, contained a decree of the King, which set forth,—"That it had never been the intention of his Majesty to treat with rebels; that consequently the capitulation with the forts was annulled; that the partizans of the pretended Parthenopean Republic, being more or less guilty of high treason, a Junta of the State would be summoned

to try them, to punish the most guilty with death —others with imprisonment and exile—and all with confiscation of property."

During three months the trial went on; in that distance of time it is difficult to ascertain how many perished on the scaffold; it is stated, but by one whose facts must be received with some caution, that the atrocity of the lazzaroni was beyond all description; they are said to have waited, dancing and singing, at the foot of the gibbets for the bodies as they fell from the hands of the executioner; to have thrown them on burning piles of wood; and to have devoured, when roasted, the hearts and livers of the victims; to have made whistles of the bones of the arms, and flutes of those of the legs. According to some statements, thirty thousand perished during this reign of terror, the Queen employing some of the most sanguinary miscreants that could be found to carry out her longed for vengeance. Confinement in dungeons scooped out of rocks, so small as to render standing or lying at length impos-

sible, with mouldy, black bread, and foul water, as the only nourishment, was but the prelude to the greater sufferings that were to follow.

The mind shrinks from the contemplation of atrocities which the ingenuity of demons, in human shape, suggested for the torture of their fellow creatures. Happy were those who fell at once beneath the knives of the bands of ruffians, who went from house to house to pillage and murder. Men of the highest rank and most exemplary conduct, who had to pass through the mockery of a trial, were subjected to inconceivable tortures to extort confessions of their own guilt, or some accusation of others, and then were led out to an ignominious death. Among the victims was the Admiral Caracciolo, who perished under circumstances which cast a dark shade on the memory of Nelson. On the occasion of the King's flight to Palermo, Caracciolo, though refused the honour of receiving his majesty on board, escorted the royal ship, and was of great service in the hour of peril, by sending from his own vessel the Captain

Giovanni Beausau, his friend and pupil, to assist Nelson in entering the Port of Palermo, of which, great sailor as he was, he knew less than the commonest pilot on the coast. The admiral asked and obtained permission to return to Naples. There he had sided with the republicans, had fought with them, had taken part in the capitulation, and like them, had been placed under the protection of three great nations.

Caracciolo had been successful in eluding the first search; he was, however, betrayed by his servant, and seized in a room in which the traitor had concealed him. On his arrest being made known, he was claimed by Nelson as his prisoner, it was hoped with the view of saving his life; the unhappy man was soon undeceived. The trial was short; it began at nine a.m.; at ten, Nelson was told that the Court had just decided that witnesses in favour of the accused should be examined; he replied "that it was useless," and the court proceeded;

at noon Caracciolo was sentenced to imprisonment for life.

"You are mistaken," said Nelson to the Count de Thurn, who informed him of the decision, "he has been condemned to suffer death."

The court erased the word prison, and wrote death in its place.

An hour later Nelson was told that the prisoner demanded to be shot instead of hanged.

"Justice must take its course," replied Nelson.

Caracciolo was transferred on board the Minerva, his favourite ship, and was hanged from one of the yards. In the evening the body was cut down, a cannon ball was attached to it, and it was cast into the sea. Thus twelve hours had sufficed to assemble the court, pass judgment, and execute the sentence. It is further related that, on the evening of the next day, as the King was on board, on his return to take possession of his rebellious capital, he was startled, when leaning over the side of the quarter deck to take the air, by observing a man rise from the sea, as far as

the waist, and follow the ship. This surprise was changed to horror when, on looking steadfastly at the bowing figure, he recognised the livid face of his former friend, the Admiral Caracciolo, who he knew had suffered death the previous day. The King's cry brought all to the spot, and as the apparition remained visible to the whole crew, and still followed the vessel, ten English sailors were persuaded to lower a boat and row towards the figure. On drawing the corpse into the boat the mystery was at once solved; the ball which had been attached to the Admiral's body had not proved sufficiently heavy to keep it down, when swollen by the water; thus it had risen to the surface, and driven by the wind, and drawn by the ship's track, had followed the vessel. The next day it was buried in the little Church of Santa Maria Alla Catena.

The king entered Naples in triumph, July 1st, 1799, and, leaving the work of vengeance almost entirely to the execrable queen, resumed his hunts at Cape di Monto and Caserta, and his fish-

ing on Lake Fusaro. His people did not forget the constitution he had promised them in his manifesto, issued previously to his return; but, although he renewed, from time to time, the solemn pledge he had given, the queen, who was never easy unless plotting against those whom she professed to consider as friends, employed spies and emissaries of the most unscrupulous character, to furnish her with proofs of what she termed the entire disaffection of the whole population, the result being that the granting of the constitution was postponed. The miscreants in the queen's service spared no effort to trace out and bring to punishment all who entertained, or were supposed to have revolutionary principles; tortures, fines, imprisonments, and frightful deaths followed, until the oppressed people, goaded to madness, could bear no longer; the Sicilians rose up *en masse* against the king, and the revolution was not suppressed until Palermo had been bombarded.

In 1806 Ferdinand was again obliged to retire

to Sicily. Napoleon Buonaparte having conquered the whole of Italy, thought fit to bestow the crown of Naples on his brother Joseph. The protection of the English alone prevented him from adding Sicily to the gift. But neither danger nor adversity could change the nature of "the most excellent sovereigns" whom it was England's work in those days to protect. True, we were compelled to interfere to prevent the total destruction of the privileges of the Sicilian Parliament by the wicked and insensate folly of this iniquitous couple; but it is a question whether more harm than good was not done by our aid. We had not then learned to acknowledge the mercy and justice of non-intervention, and that those alone are worthy of freedom who obtain it by their own unaided exertions and the sacrifice of all personal aggrandisement.

In 1808 Joseph was removed from the throne of Naples to that of Spain; he had made himself thoroughly odious to all classes of the people, nor

does it appear that he was much more successful with his new subjects, the Spaniards. The reverse was the case with Joachim Murat, whom the French emperor—that wholesale maker of kings—appointed to succeed him on the throne of Naples. This soldier of fortune, who, like his Imperial Master, had made his way in the path of life, by the help alone of his good sword, and was as remarkable for the beauty of his person as for tact, talents, and strong common sense, knew how to conciliate all parties, and to avoid, yet without giving offence, rendering that servile obedience to the wishes of the Autocrat, which he was wont to exact from all who owed aught to him. Under King Joachim, the Neapolitans enjoyed greater freedom and happiness than they have ever since possessed; he became most deservedly popular with his subjects, save the lazzaroni, and reigned over them till 1815, when the fall of Napoleon involved his own. Joachim was compelled to leave Naples, and, after undergoing the

greatest fatigues and hardships, landed in Calabria, where he met with his death, in the forty-eighth year of his age.

Ferdinand once more returned to Naples, and again gave himself up to the delights of hunting at Caserta and Capo di Monti. The wretched woman, his most wicked wife, had two years previously (1813) been compelled to leave Sicily. The English Government, represented by Lord William Bentinck, had insisted on her giving up all interference with State affairs. She made some ineffectual efforts to preserve her power, but finally left for Vienna, to seek from the Congress then sitting, aid to recover the kingdom of Naples, not so much for the sake of her husband, as to enable her to gratify her burning thirst for vengeance on the Neapolitans. Her motives betraying themselves in all she said or did, she was refused, and was assigned the Castle of Helzendorf as a residence, where she died suddenly, September 7th, of rage, as it is said, at the failure of her schemes.

Some time after the return of Ferdinand to Naples, his brother Charles IV. of Spain, who, in his turn had been driven from his kingdom, sought refuge at his Court. As Charles was as fond of hunting and fishing as Ferdinand, they lived in great cordiality. They were inseparable, apparently the most affectionate of brothers, and divided their time between hunting in the Park of Caserta, or the wood of Persano, and fishing in the Lake Fusaro, and at Castellamare. Towards the close of the year 1819, one day when the two princes had agreed to hunt in the wood at Persano, Charles was seized, just as they were about to start, with severe indisposition. The king left him with the understanding that, if he became worse, a messenger should be sent after him, and promised to return at once.

During the day, Charles became much worse and, towards night, was in such danger that the Duchess of Santa Florida despatched a courier to the king to inform him that, if he wished to see his brother again alive, he must return immedi-

ately. The courier reached the king at daybreak, just as his majesty was mounting for the chase. The king took the letter, read it, and raising his eyes sorrowfully to heaven,

"Gentlemen," said he, "what a misfortune! The King of Spain is seriously ill."

Each courtier endeavoured to look the picture of grief.

"Hey," continued the king, in his Neapolitan *patois*, "I fancy there may be much exaggeration in what they tell me. Let us hunt, gentlemen, and then we shall see."

Every face brightened, and off went the party. They had not gone far, nor fired more than a dozen shots, when they were overtaken by a second courier with the intelligence that Charles was in the agonies of death, and called incessantly for his brother. There could no longer be any doubt as to his condition. The king, who was a man of nerve, at once decided on the proper course to pursue. Observing that the courtiers waited to arrange their countenances according to his,

"Hey," said he, again, "my brother is either dying, or he is not. If he is, what good could I do him by going? If not, he would be vexed to have deprived me of such good sport. Let us hunt, gentlemen."

And off they went again. On their return they found a third courier, who announced that Charles was dead. The king, feeling that extraordinary exertion was necessary to enable him to bear so heavy an affliction, ordered a hunt for the next day, and the day after, exclaiming, each time that he fired a shot,

"Hey! if my poor brother were here, how happy would he be!"

The evening of the third day he went back to Palermo, ordered a magnificent funeral, the absurd Spanish customs observed at the burial of kings being strictly followed, and, with his court, went into mourning for three months.

One of the peculiarities of the king was the intense hatred he bore towards the middle classes. An instance of this was given in the pertinacity

with which he refused to receive at court the Marquis de Soval. This man was the son of a highly respectable farmer, who had given him a fair education, and had, moreover, left him a moderate fortune. The one idea that possessed the young man's mind, the one object of his ambition, to which he directed every step he took in life, was a presentation at court, with, if possible, a title prefixed to his name. He shaved his head and chin, wore the indispensable wig, and knee breeches, wrote "de" before his name, and spent his nights in planning, and his days in carrying out schemes for throwing himself in the king's way, and winning by various trifling services the reward of all his labours, the longed-for entrée at court. But Nasone, who had not received his nickname for nothing, was astute enough to fathom the young Soval's intent, and equally determined on thwarting the ambitious projects of the bold plebeian. Caroline, being ever on the alert, as we have seen, to detect and punish the disaffected, employed numerous per-

sons to procure her the information her sex and position precluded her seeking for herself. In return for these services, the Queen bestowed on such emissaries various posts that were at her disposal. Soval, who wrote a good hand and expressed himself in well sounded periods, applied for, and as he thought, was as fortunate as to obtain the permission to furnish Her Majesty with any information she might require of the words, thoughts, and actions of her loving subjects.

Soval fulfilled his task so much to the Queen's satisfaction that he was allowed to communicate, in person, the result of his observations, and entered, though alas! as yet only by the back stairs, the royal elysium. Her Majesty took upon herself to procure his reception by the king; but, after repeated attempts, met so decided a refusal and couched in terms so unmistakable, that she was obliged to tell Soval that, if he had set his heart on being a marquis, he must seek some influence more powerful than her own. This was enough to damp the ardour of any common mind,

for he had devoted seven years to this odious service; but de Soval, nothing daunted, determined upon seeking some other road to the coveted favour of the king. He cast his eyes about in search of some channel for the development of his genius for intrigue, and arriving at Venice, thought he had there discovered the very thing he wanted.

There was at Venice, at that time, a certain Madame S——, German by birth, but sister-in-law to one of the most illustrious of the Admirals in the British Navy. This lady was a prisoner in her own house, was carefully watched, and detained by the French Government as a most valuable hostage. Soval determined to rescue her, and bore her off to Palermo, where the Neapolitan Court then was. Upon the strength of this brilliant achievement, the queen once more solicited of the king a marquisate for de Soval; but had scarcely made the subject of her mission understood, when he burst forth into so furious a passion as to render

another word quite impossible. De Soval now determined, by the advice of the queen, to ingratiate himself with the English Minister, Sir W. A'Court; six years passed without any prospect of success, although his new patron, from time to time, asked the favour of his Majesty.

At last, in 1815, when Ferdinand was restored to his beloved city of Naples, at the expense, and through the aid of the English, Sir W. A'Court took advantage of the opportunity of placing before the king a list of the various titles, orders, and favours that were to be bestowed on the occasion of that auspicious event, to insert—"M. de Soval to be created Marquis." There was now no possibility of refusing, but determined that it should not pass without a protest on his part, the king wrote with his own hand under the word "granted," "but solely as a mark of the high esteem the King of Naples has for his most illustrious and powerful ally, the King of Great Britain."

One point was now secured; but in spite of

twenty years' labour—in spite of the powerful interest he had engaged in his behalf, the other he never obtained. Every art that ingenuity could suggest, and perseverance like his carry out, was tried, but in vain; all doors were open to the Marquis de Soval but those of the palace; the king's objections resting not on any part of his conduct, but simply on the fact of his birth.

Like his good friends, the lazzaroni, the king had no very high opinion of the monks—like them, however, he made an exception in favour of Father Rocco, to whose sermons in the open air he had often listened. Father Rocco had, therefore, at all times a hearty welcome at the palace, although he never spared the king any more than the poorest lazzarone. One day, when the royal family were at Capo di Monti, Father Rocco made his appearance after an absence of eighteen months; it was just after the first return of the court from Sicily, and he came to ask alms for the poor prisoners. When the king, the queen, the royal children, and the

courtiers, had all given something, Rocco wished to retire, but Ferdinand stopped him—

"Not so, not so, Father Rocco," said the king.

"How then, sire?"

"Each in his turn—you ask alms of us, we bestow them; you owe us a sermon; give it us."

"Yes, by all means a sermon," cried the queen and the royal children.

"Of course—by all means," repeated in chorus the courtiers.

"I am accustomed to preach before the lazzaroni, sire, and not before crowned heads; pardon my declining the honour you offer me."

"No, no, no!" said the king, "you are not going to get out of it like that. We have given you our alms, we must have our sermon. I won't give that up."

"But what kind of sermon, sire?" asked Father Rocco.

"Give us a sermon to amuse the children."

The priest bit his lips—

"This sermon being intended for children, sire, you will not be offended if it begins like a fairy tale?"

"Let it begin as you like, only let us have it," said the king.

"I obey, sire," and Father Rocco mounted on a chair that he might be better heard. Padre Rocco pronounced the usual formula.

"Amen!" interposed the king.

"Once upon a time," continued Father Rocco, bowing to the king as if to thank him for playing clerk. "Once upon a time there was a crab who had married."

"What do you say?" cried the king, who thought he had misunderstood.

"Once upon a time a crab had taken unto himself, in lawful wedlock, a spouse, and was blessed with three sons and two daughters of the greatest promise. The parents had placed these children under the most distinguished Professors, and the best informed governesses that could be found in the world. Above all things, they had

insisted on their children being taught to walk straight. When the education of the three sons was finished, the father summoned them to his study, and having desired their governor to remain outside, that they might not be influenced by his presence, and that he might be better able to judge of the progress they had made.

"'My dear son,' said he to the eldest, 'I desired, among other things, that you should be taught to walk straight; let me see you walk, that I may judge if you have been well taught.'

"'With all my heart,' said the son, 'look, dear father,' and he began.

"'Stop,' said the father, 'what are you about?'

"'About, dear father! Why, I am walking as you desired.'

"'Yes, you are walking, forsooth, but all on one side. Come, begin again.'

"The obedient son tried again. The father groaned—the first time his son had walked from right to left, the second time from left to right.

"'But can't you walk straight!' cried the father.

"'Do I not go straight?' asked the son.

"'He is not aware of his own infirmity!' cried the unhappy father, joining his two large claws, and raising them to heaven.

"Then, turning to the second son, 'Come here, my child,' said he; 'show your elder brother how to walk.'

"'Willingly, dear father,' said the second; and he began to walk like his elder brother, only that he went first from left to right, and then then from right to left.

"'Worse and worse!' cried the father.

"Then, turning with tears in his eyes to the youngest, 'Let me see you walk,' said he, 'try and set your brothers a good example.'

"'Father,' said the youngest, who was a crab of great common sense, 'will not the example be more profitable if given by you. Please walk a little, and show us how to do it—as you do, so will we.'

"Then," continued Father Rocco, "then, then the father—"

"That will do, that will do, Father Rocco,' said the king. "We have had enough. You may come and ask alms as often as you like, but we don't want any more sermons. Good bye; good bye, Father Rocco."

"Farewell, sire," said Father Rocco.

And Father Rocco went away, leaving his sermon unfinished, but carrying off the whole of the alms.

Affairs went on very much in the same way until July, 1820, when the people made another attempt to throw off the yoke of the despotic and cruel government which seemed to take an unceasing delight in the miseries of the masses. The Revolution broke out at Nola, the command of the army being given to General William Pepe, who was joined by the President of Avellino, all the Carbonari in the neighbouring districts, and by the very army that the court had sent to put down the movement. The revolution assuming a most menacing character, the king consented, under the pretext of failing health, to

give up the government to his eldest son, Francis, Duke of Calabria, who was appointed Regent. A constitution was to be granted on the model of that given by the Cortes, at Madrid, in 1812, with such modifications as the national parliament, legally convoked, should deem advisable. The new order of things, however, was by no means in accordance with the views of the autocrats of Europe; the sovereigns of Russia, Prussia, and Austria, who had reason to dread more than anything else the spread of liberal opinions and free governments, met at Laybach, to take into consideration the means of restoring the kingdom of Naples to its former condition.

It was decided that Ferdinand should be invited to Laybach, ostensibly to take part in the deliberations upon the liberal institutions to be granted to the Neapolitans, actually to withdraw him from the power of the insurrectionists, in whose hands he was virtually a prisoner; and the king's safety being assured, that troops should be collected on the left bank of the Po, in readi-

ness to commence hostilities should any opposition be offered to their wishes.

There was some difficulty in extricating Ferdinand from his perilous position; it was not until he had again and again renewed his solemn oath to the Parliament to respect the Constitution that he obtained permission to leave Naples. This he did on December the 14th, 1820, and for two or three weeks nothing was heard of the whereabouts of his Majesty. At last a letter arrived, which the Regent, Prince Francis, felt himself compelled to lay before the Parliament. It contained the very valuable information that his Majesty had arrived sound in mind and body, that he had much enjoyed several hunting parties that had been got up in his honour, and that he was delighted to be able to assure them of the great superiority of his dogs over those of his Imperial Majesty of Russia.

At the close of the month of January, 1821, a letter was received and placed before the Senate, which certainly more immediately concerned the

nation; it left no doubt as to the intentions of the king of persevering in his usual course of breaking his oath, however sacred, whenever it suited his purpose, and could be done safely. The letter began by placing before his people "his Majesty's disinterested anxiety for their happiness in undertaking for their sakes so long a journey in the depth of winter;" and then informed them that he had found the confederated Sovereigns, his friends, so firmly determined not to admit the state of things which had resulted, and might still result from the late events, that the only means left to save the kingdom from the curse of war was his becoming guarantee that the conditions they required should be accepted. The letter went on to state how great was his Majesty's desire for the real and permanent interest of his people; how solicitous he was to remove the uneasiness caused by evil disposed persons; how entirely he relied on the excellent sense and loyalty of his loving subjects; and ended by desiring his son to maintain public order until he

could himself make known, in a more explicit manner, his will respecting the administration.

An army of 50,000 men followed this characteristic missive; the Neapolitans flew to arms, but, although they collected a numerous army (40,000 men, besides militia and irregular forces) the want of experienced officers—above all, of that unity of purpose which in itself is strength—made them fall an easy prey to the Austrian troops. General Pépé fought battles at Rieti and Leonessa, was defeated in both, and the kingdom once more fell under the tender mercies of the conscientious and warm-hearted Ferdinand. This consistent Sovereign resumed his hunting and fishing, varying his amusements a little by taking possession of a hermitage of Capuchin Monks in the woods of Capo di Monti, to prepare a refuge for himself when tired of hunting his people to the death.

But the end was now approaching; the deaths of many distinguished persons, nearly of his own age, warned him that his own could not be far off.

Towards the close of the year 1824, his health began evidently to fail, and he hastened on the completion of a church which he had vowed while in Sicily. He gave up the theatre, and ultimately the chase also, and seemed to consider that all earthly business was now over. His interviews with his confessor were frequent, and he manifested much remorse for his various cruelties towards his subjects; food became distasteful, and his conversation was principally on such subjects as the mode of lengthening life by diet and regimen. Day by day his spirits became more depressed, till the 3rd of January, 1825. On that day he had appeared better, spoke of himself more hopefully, and joined with unusual spirit in the invariable evening game. As he did not on the following morning summon his attendants at the usual time, it was supposed that he was unwell; at ten o'clock his room was opened, and the king was found dead; he had expired from an apoplectic seizure in the night,

and his struggles had evidently been severe—the bed-clothes were twisted about the body and the features were frightfully distorted.

The next day Francis I. was proclaimed, and so great was the universal joy at the removal of the tyrant, that many person publicly kissed the ground beneath the placard which announced his death, and thanked God for the deliverance of the nation from an oppressor. Those, however, who did so were immediately arrested and severely punished.

Such was King Nasone, cunning wilful, heartless, irreligious, though superstitious; bound by no laws, either moral or divine; yet astute, endowed with rapid, almost intuitive perception, and gifted with natural powers which, had he received anything like education to draw forth his abilities and subdue the intense egotism, which, as in almost all the Bourbon Princes, was the leading point in his character,—had he been so fortunate as to secure as a wife a princess having at least

some attributes of woman, instead of the fiend in female shape, who was ever at his side to goad him on, he might have proved a blessing to the people whose curse it was to live under his rule for more than half a century.

LETTER XII.

LIFE AND REIGN OF FRANCIS I.

Accession of Francis I.—His false and treacherous Character—Weakness of Body and Mind—His career as a Carbonaro—Deserts and betrays his Associates—The Prison of San Stephano—Fate of Captain Patilari—Treatment and Diet of Prisoners—The Royal Family in France—Death of the King.

THIS monarch, whom I have taken the liberty to christen the Monk King, had all the vices of the Bourbons, without one of their redeeming points.

False and treacherous to the highest degree, he had, during his father's life, sided with the people in demanding a Constitution; had even become the head of the secret society of the

Carbonari. But, no sooner was he so placed as to be able to fulfil his promises, and carry out effectually the beneficent measures he had led all to expect, than he turned about, discovered that it was absolutely necessary to check the spread of opinions which threatened the safety of the state, and, in fact, walked in the way of his father. He was of very weak intellect, which may perhaps be accepted as some sort of excuse for the grossness of his superstition. His health was ever delicate, and there were not a few who ascribed this to the attempt made by his infamous mother to poison him, to enable her to carry out her plan of placing her favourite child Leopold on the throne. It was supposed that, through some blunder, the dose administered was not sufficient to destroy life, but left effects from which Francis suffered to his last hour. There is no proof offered in support of this horrible accusation against the Queen. It may be that enough of her was known to justify the opinion that there was no crime from which she would shrink to remove any obstacle that ap-

peared likely to thwart any of her desires, and hence the report.

One of the first acts of Francis was an endeavour to rid himself of the Austrian troops who were in his kingdom, and through the mediation of the French, he succeeded in obtaining their entire recall by the year 1827. His efforts in this direction had seemed to confirm the hopes entertained of him, but it was soon discovered that he was not actuated by hatred of that monstrous system of cruelty and despotism of which, so far as Italy is concerned, Austria has ever been the incarnation, but rather by an impatience of anything that had the semblance of control over his sole and individual authority. This was soon proved by his treatment of the Carbonari Chiefs, many of whom had lain under sentence of death, since the outbreak in 1820. He, with an affectation of showing mercy, commuted the sentence of death to one of imprisonment for life, with hard labour, a leniency "which stinketh in the nostrils," when one re-

members what prisons in Naples are, and how he had himself led on these unhappy men to ruin. He carried this show of mercy still further. He had married twice. His first wife, Maria Clementina, daughter of Leopold II., died November 15th, 1801, leaving one daughter, Maria Caroline, afterwards the celebrated Duchess de Berri. He married again the next year (July 6th) his cousin, Maria Isabella, daughter of Charles IV., King of Spain. By her he had six sons and six daughters, and it was in her honour, and to show the strength of his esteem and affection, that he determined to take the opportunity of her fête day, to give his subjects a striking proof of his love of mercy and justice to those who had joined in the revolution, and had already suffered five years' imprisonment; he gave them their liberty under the surveillance of the police, though of this, by the way, he repented, for he afterwards had them seized, tried afresh, and punished for the old offence. Two, condemned to imprisonment for life, he banished, and of four

sentenced to death he exiled one, doomed another to be incarcerated for life, and the other two to thirty years' imprisonment in the Bagnio of San Stefano. Captain Patilari suffered death, but before I enter upon the career of this remarkable man, I will tell you what F— saw of the prison or bagnio, in the island of San Stefano, that you may form a tolerably correct idea of the tender mercy of Francis towards those whom, five years earlier, he had called "the defenders of national freedom."

The island of San Stefano is about sixty miles from Naples, is barren and uninhabited, and having no water, depends upon the mainland for what I, as you well know, consider the first luxury in life. The Bagnio is large enough to contain fifteen hundred prisoners, and has in the centre a chapel, so placed that the celebration of mass can be seen by each inmate from his cell. Prisoners for political affairs are always separated, and divided among the criminal portion, each being chained to a galley slave.

Their daily rations consisted, at that time, of thirty-two beans (actually counted!) boiled in water, and seasoned with a little rancid oil; every other day they received a loaf of two pounds of black bread, and a pint and a half of water for washing and drinking; they slept on the bare stones, and had one blanket, of asses' hair, allowed as a covering; their wardrobe, which was received once a year, consisted of a couple of canvass shirts, one pair of slippers, one cap, one pair of trousers, and one blouse of the coarsest stuff. They walked for two hours daily in the cloisters, chained as they were night and day. To such a life was it that Francis condemned men of the highest rank, who had been his companions in arms, and it was not until three years after that he thought fit to show mercy to thirty-two officers of the Carbonari, whom his father had imprisoned. After having suffered eight years of this wretched existence, Francis graciously permitted his former associates to take up their abode in a village, in the island of Favignana, and

munificently allowed them two pence a day for food and clothing, any attempt to roam beyond the village being punished with the bastinado.

His treatment of Captain Patilari was consistent with the rest of his conduct; this unhappy man had joined the revolution under General Rossarok, and through the treachery of Captain Masi was made prisoner, and thrown into one of the most wretched dungeons in Messina. There he lay for nearly a year, waiting his turn for trial. When brought before the court his appearance was such as to move the hearts of all, save those whose desire to please Nasone had fairly changed them into stone. His hair had turned to silver, he was almost blind, having been shut out from the light the whole time of his imprisonment, and the dampness of his cell had deprived him entirely of the use of his limbs. It soon became evident that the noble spirit which had endeared him to his friends, and made him a terror to the enemies of liberty, had fled, and that the wretched man had become a

maniac. Some friends succeeded in obtaining for him the privilege of breathing pure air, and of taking daily exercise in the court of the citadel. This restored to health his mind and body. On recovering his reason, Patilari determined to hazard an attempt at escape. He succeeded by swimming across the rapid current of the river which surrounded one side of the citadel, took a boat, and sought refuge in Calabria. Here he remained until the accession of Francis, when, extraordinary efforts being made by the king's emissaries to secure him, Patilari felt himself no longer safe, and resolved to seek an asylum in Greece. He embarked at Scilla, intending to land at Corfu, but a storm arising, the captain of the ship was compelled to put in at Otranto, in the kingdom of Naples, when the unfortunate man was discovered and made prisoner. He was shot by order of Francis, at the end of October, 1825.

Perhaps it would be difficult to find a more

characteristic scene to illustrate the mind and manners of Francis I., and his family, than that which took place during their visit to France, in 1829, and which I have from a lady, who was an eye witness of what she describes.

In the November of that year, the King and Queen, with the Duchess de Berri, accompanied the Infanta, and Christina, the Queen elect of Spain, on their way to that country. They passed through Nismes, where they stayed two or three days, but though the "good city" gave them a hearty reception—fêtes, serenades, triumphal arches, and balls, things which the French know so well how to manage—nothing elicited the least ray of satisfaction; they sat in their open carriage without a bow or a smile of acknowledgment to anyone.

The Duchess had a character for gallantry which was highly prejudicial to her, but as the widow of the Duke de Berri, who had been very popular, and the mother of the young prince,

whom they then regarded as their future king, the people of Nismes wished to show her all the attention possible.

The Royal party were lodged at the Prefecture —a large and handsome building, where everything had been provided for their comfort and accommodation. What then was the surprise of all, and the indignation of many, when the next morning it was known that, declining to occupy the apartments prepared for each, they had all passed the night in the same room, which they had barricaded with what heavy pieces of furniture they could place against the doors. The evil conscience which pursued Francis I. wherever he might be, rendered him restless and impatient, and he could never bear to remain long in one place; he was, in fact, in constant dread of assassination. In person, he was then a respectable-looking old man, whom no one would have thought of remarking, had he not been "the Majesty" of Naples. His queen looked extremely like a fat and good-humoured tradesman's wife

and dressed in a style exactly corresponding—everything substantial and heavy. The three Princesses were simply attired in brown merino dresses, and pink bonnets; and appeared to be very elegant women. The Infanta was much admired for her dignified demeanour,—and the young Queen of Spain for her beauty,—though some gave the preference to the former—the wife of Don Carlos.

Several women of rank in Nismes had been admitted to the interior of the Maison Carrée, in order to obtain a better view of the royal visitors. But a message was sent to say no one could be allowed to remain in the building; accordingly, the ladies were obliged to retreat under the Portico. Nor was that all. A musical reception had been prepared for his Majesty; but that also was rejected, to the great mortification of its contrivers.

The only thing that seemed to interest the King was the Collection of models, in cork, (executed by M. Auguste Pelet, one of the

greatest archæologists in France.) This he pronounced far superior to his own.

"But," said Francis, "I want to go there—into that room—there are some more yonder—"

And, so saying, he pointed in the most awkward manner with his stick towards what he supposed to be the next room, and thus broke a valuable mirror, which, by its reflection, had heightened the beauty of the exhibition. He neither apologized for the mischief, nor offered to pay the damage, which did not add to his popularity.

In the evening of that same day, a grand ball was given in the Theatre, as being more roomy than the Town-hall. At this ball there occurred a slight accident, which, though it occasioned a fright, did no real harm. A temporary staircase had been erected, leading to the box where the royal party sat; and on this, owing to the eagerness of many to see them, there was a considerable pressure, so at last it gave way; and, but for the shoulders of three gentlemen, who

were standing underneath, some mischief might have ensued.

The Duchess de Berri was alarmed; at first the King evidently thought it was something more than accidental.

The Duchess darted forward from the quadrille, exclaiming—"*C'est trop fort—mais c'est trop fort! Y-a-t-il quelqu'un de blessé!*"

"*Tranquillisez-vous, Madame,*" said a gentleman, "*grâces à nos épaules, il n'y a pas de mal.*" She looked at him, smiled, and gaily resumed her dancing.

The next day they departed, but left behind them a most unfavourable impression. The predominant qualities attributed to them, were meanness and haughtiness.

We can feel no surprise that the death of this false and cruel King is described as one of horror; that, in spite of the ghostly consolations of his Confessor Cocle, a man as odious in every way as the King himself, he should be haunted by the

vision of those whom he had so treacherously given up to torture and death. He shrieked aloud in agony, as he saw them in imagination, crowding with menacing aspect round his dying bed,

"What are they clamouring for! What do they want? Give them all; but let me die in peace!"

He died November 8th, 1830, having reigned five years; and was succeeded by his eldest surviving son, Ferdinand II.

LETTER XIII.

FERDINAND II.

Accession of Ferdinand II.—His military education—Respectable abilities—Reforms and retrenchments commenced in all directions—A new government in Sicily—Different opinions of the king's original character—His marriage—Clemency of the king towards the family of Rossaroh—Alleged charge on Ferdinand's character—The king's visit to Sicily—Returns dissatisfied to Naples—Imbroglio with England—Increasing cruelty of Ferdinand—The brothers Bandiera—New plots—Accession of Pius IX.—Insurrection by Nomeo—Bombardment of Palermo—Bombardment of Messina—Progress of Revolution—Massacre at Naples—The pope at Gaeta—Civil war in Sicily—Ferdinand attempts to restore the Pope—Reaction at Naples—Protest on the part of the British Government—Legal proceedings in 1850—Mock trials.

FERDINAND, father of the ex-King, was born at Palermo, January 12th, 1810. He remained there until he was ten years of age, and received

the elements of education from the Countess Latona (a Frenchwoman). In 1820 he was taken to Naples, and arrived at the moment when his grandfather, King Nasone, having been compelled by the Carbonari, under General Pépé, to give the people a Constitution, was returning from the Palatine Chapel, whither he had been to take the oath of fidelity to the new state of things.

The direction of the young Prince's education was confided to a council of six, five of whom were ecclesiastics,—Agostino, Bishop of Arethusa, being at their head. With such preceptors, it is scarcely to be wondered at that he grew up with a most exalted idea of the divine right of Kings, —and acquired that habit of rigid attention to the forms of religion, which afterwards contributed so much to the kind of popularity he enjoyed among the most ignorant and superstitious classes of his subjects. He was taught English and German by Professor Gill, and writing, in which he excelled, by Martusecelli. He very soon took great delight in military science; but

having little inclination for sedentary study, preferred the knowledge acquired by practice in the field to that given by books.

At fifteen years of age, when his father became King, in 1825, he was invested with the command of the army. Two years later, when the Austrian troops were entirely withdrawn from the kingdom, Ferdinand endeavoured to infuse new blood into the army by replacing old officers with young men who were able and willing to carry out his desire of having a well-drilled, well-appointed army. Endowed with an activity which would have been remarkable in any climate, but was almost miraculous in the luxurious, enervating temperature of "*la Bella Napoli*," the young Commander-in-Chief carried his inspection down to the most minute details, — appointing one day for the examination of hats, another for boots, a third for coats, not a button being overlooked,—a process which says much for the patience, as well as the activity of the future Bomba. His interest in

military discipline, — the delight he took in reviews and military pageants, contributed not a little to make him popular with the Neapolitans, who, like our neighbours, the French, are ever ready to judge favourably of any ruler who amused them.

Ferdinand ascended the throne November 8th, 1830, under favourable auspices, and with a considerable share of popularity. His own activity had contrasted most advantageously with the apathy and inertness of his father, and his manners, when he was so willed, were extremely pleasing; an advantage for which he was probably indebted to Monsignor Porta, a Capuchin of Cuneo, one of the six entrusted with his education, and who was himself remarkable for an irresistible fascination of manner.

A certain reaction against liberal opinions and Carbonari revolutions was setting in, and all seemed to conspire to fill the new king with confidence, and his subjects with hope for the future. The proclamation, which was issued the day of

Ferdinand's accession, tended to the general satisfaction; it began by an acknowledgment of the various grievances which had afflicted the people, set forth the king's earnest desire to heal the wounds that had been inflicted by mal-administration, especially in Sicily; called upon all priests and bishops to assist him in his efforts to secure the welfare, temporal and eternal, of all his subjects, by upholding their holy religion; promised an impartial administration of justice, and a decrease in the taxation which had pressed so heavily on all; and ended by declaring his willingness to make any sacrifice to secure, with the help of God, the prosperity of the kingdom, and the happiness of the people.

Ferdinand's first act was the publication of a general amnesty; the next was an effort to replenish an exhausted Exchequer, by placing a tax on the incomes of all government officials; he next relieved the privy purse, by resigning that part of his income which had been appropriated to the royal charities; and at the same

time passed an order, through the Minister of the Interior, directing all municipal authorities to provide gratuitous instruction for indigent students, who had hitherto been educated at the king's expense; he established a tribunal for the examination of disputed points of law, and for the better administration of justice; broke up and restored to agriculture some of the numerous and extensive preserves which had afforded so much amusement to King Nasone; an act which conferred great benefit on the people, without, however, involving any sacrifice on his own part; for being a timid rider, and unwilling to mount any horse that had not been trained expressly for him to a short step of even pace, he took no pleasure in hunting. He resembled his grandfather in his love of traffic, for, although the difference in his pursuits gave him no chance of disposing of fish and game, he did not scruple to deal in foreign wines within the palace itself; he redeemed the incomes allowed to princes of the blood, and all supplies granted for the maintenance of the royal house-

holds and for purchase of furniture; and to make the contrast still more striking between himself and his predecessors, he made two journeys into the provinces, during which he avoided the enormous expenditure entailed by the pomp and display considered indispensable by the old Neapolitan Court, and, as he gave no intimation of his intended visit, accepted at times the hospitality of the mendicant friars, on the failure of other accommodation.

All this economy, however, soon degenerated into sordid meanness. He wore patched clothing, delighted in driving hard bargains for trifling articles of dress, and desired his tradesmen to settle their accounts with him in person, that he might pocket the reduction on their accounts which he invariably required.

In Sicily hopes were raised of a brighter future, for Ferdinand boasted of being a Sicilian; and in his first *motu-proprio*, or proclamation, had expressed his intention of "healing the wounds of that country inflicted by his father

and grandfather." He caused an unpopular Lord-Lieutenant, the Marquis della Favore to be tried for treason, and appointed his brother Leopold, Count of Syracuse, a man of recognised liberal opinions, in his place. A court was thus restored at Palermo for a time; the government was purely Sicilian. Tutonti, the detested Minister of Police, who had made himself so hateful under Francis, was arrested and banished, and Del Carretto, who had begun life as liberal, and had been one of the most ardent supporters of General Pépé, was nominated in his stead. The king finally dismissed all the old ministers, and formed a Cabinet more popular with his people.

Before I proceed with this slight historical sketch of the events which have gradually led to the present state of things in these interesting countries, I must offer a few remarks on the difficulty I have met with in my endeavours to place briefly before you not only the chief incidents of the detested reign of Ferdinand II., but a strictly

impartial analysis of the man himself, whose subsequent brutal treatment of his subjects gained for him the epithet of the "Butcher King."

On reading over carefully the works of the various authors and compilers who have treated of Ferdinand and the events of his reign, and on consulting the opinion of those whose presence on the scene and personal experience of what occurred, led me to hope I might depend on them for accurate information, I find considerable difference of opinion as to the character and disposition of Ferdinand as displayed by his acts in the earlier years of his reign. The majority of writers on the subject will not allow that Ferdinand ever possessed one redeeming point; they represent him not only as a tyrannical, bigoted, bloodthirsty ruler, but as a cunning, treacherous monster, who, from the first day of his accession (he then being only twenty years of age), deceived his people by the show of liberal opinions, affected to grant them reforms which he

never contemplated putting in practice, swore to a constitution which he fully intended to violate at the first opportunity, and led them on to acts which placed them wholly at his mercy, and enabled him to glut his thirst for vengeance by cruelties almost too revolting to be told.

There are others who give him credit for being perfectly sincere in the desire he expressed at the beginning of his reign, to secure the liberties and promote the happiness of his people; they point to the many acts wholly emanating from himself, which tended to reform abuses, check the corruption and extravagance of the court, and relieve the people from excessive taxation; they refer to his confidence in his subjects, as shown by his habit of driving alone through the most crowded parts of Naples; they assert that in all cases of general calamity, whether caused by fire or earthquake, he was ever among the first on the spot, working like the poorest of his subjects when necessary, or giving directions to rescue those in danger, and relieve those saved. Unable to deny the

change which took place in his whole conduct and policy, a few years later, they account for it as the effect produced on him by the repeated plots against his life, which began before the close of the first year of his reign, and at the time when he was making every effort to ameliorate the condition, and win the affections of his people. I shall simply endeavour to place before you the leading events, in the order in which they follow, and must leave you to draw your own inferences.

The first disturbance in his reign began in September, 1831; the Carbonari, or charcoal-burners, a name taken by the members of a secret society, who, in their initiative rites, vowed vengeance on the wolf for the lamb that had been slain; the lamb meaning Jesus Christ, and the wolf all kings and tyrants, his enemies, had been greatly dispirited by the repeated failures in their attempts to gain liberty, and the fearful punishments which had followed their last effort; they had remained for some little time quiet, but

roused to action by the success of the "glorious three days in July, 1830," they formed a plan for the overthrow of the government. They found it necessary to postpone carrying it out on account of the popularity of Ferdinand, and the sanguine hopes the people entertained that his reign would prove the inauguration of a new and happier era. The next year, however, the attempt was made at Palermo; it proved unsuccessful—eleven of the leaders perished on the scaffold, and many suffered minor punishments. The Neapolitan liberals had established a central committee in Naples, and had asked and obtained of the king the promise of a representative government; the writs for the Members of Parliament had even been issued, and the commanders of the national guard appointed, when Ferdinand, yielding to the influence of Metternich, who sent a courier with a most urgent entreaty to him not to yield to the wishes of the people at so critical a moment, and terrified by an exaggerated account of some trifling insurrections

which the Minister of Police, Tutonti, had promoted to serve his own purposes, drew back on his road to liberalism, dismissed his ministers, and formed a cabinet of men willing to yield to his will and pleasure in all things.

It was about this time that Joseph Mazzini, a Genoese, then an exile, first formed a scheme for the union of all Italy as a Republic. He became the leader of a society called 'Young Italy;" a newspaper was published which advocated the obtaining the desired end by the union of the federalists throughout the different Italian States, in one general revolution.

The marriage of the king about this time with Maria Christina, daughter of Victor Emmanuel I., King of Sardinia, was unfavourable to Neapolitan liberty, for the young queen, although very amiable, was bigoted and superstitious, and entirely under the control of the Jesuits. Influenced by her, Ferdinand increased the power of the priesthood commanded military honours to be paid to saints,

conferred on St. Ignatius Loyola the rank of field marshal; and, moreover, gave into the hands of the holy fathers, for the use of the saints, the pay appointed to such rank. More serious consequences followed; all education was confided to the Jesuits, they increased in wealth and influence, and Saint Angelo, who was under trial for maladministration and ill-treatment of the people, when Intendant of a Province, was not only pardoned at the intercession of the queen and her spiritual advisers, but was made Minister of the Interior. A conspiracy in Naples, headed by Monaco, a priest, was soon after discovered, and was scarcely crushed, when another followed, of a much more formidable character. In this, which took place in June, 1833, the soldiery took part.

Several officers of the royal guards, led on by two sons of that General Rossarok, who, with Captain Patilari, had headed the Carbonari in 1821, formed a plot against the king's life. On the father's death taking place in Greece, whither

he had gone to join the Greeks in their struggle for independence, Ferdinand not only revoked all the pains and penalties in force against the family, but had, on the arrival of the two sons in Naples, given them commissions in the household troops. The conspiracy was betrayed by an officer who had feigned to join in it, in order to obtain a knowledge of the plan; all were arrested, and the leaders condemned to death. This sentence the king changed to standing under the gallows, in convict dress and bare-footed, in the sight of the army, to be followed by fifteen years' imprisonment. It was in 1835, that Ferdinand recalled his brother Leopold, Count of Syracuse, from Sicily, and this is one of those incidents concerning which I find diversity of opinion. The apologists of the king affirming that the conduct of Leopold towards the wives and daughters of the Sicilian nobles, was so disgraceful as almost to cause a revolt in the island, while those who delight to darken every act of Ferdinand, maintain that he was influenced by dread of his brother's liberal

opinions, and that from that time he treated Sicily as a rebellious province, and reduced the people to bondage.

On the 1st of January, 1836, the Queen died, having given birth to a son, (afterwards Francis II.), fifteen days previously. Some writers describe this princess as possessing unbounded influence over her husband, while others speak of the coolness with which he regarded her, on account of the failure of offspring during the first years of their marriage, and assert that he actually caused her death by mischievously removing her chair when about to seat herself, and that falling heavily to the ground, she received an internal injury, which resulted in her death.

In 1835 the cholera broke out with great violence throughout the two Sicilies, having previously carried off thousands in Berlin, Genoa, and Rome. In Naples it made great ravages, and the Carbonari, ever on the alert to disturb the government, took advantage of the circumstance, to accuse the king of attempting to poison the

people, and once more broke out into revolution. At this crisis Ferdinand certainly displayed both courage and firmness worthy of the exalted position he held. He visited alone, and on foot, all the hospitals and quarters of the city where the cholera raged most; he ate, in the presence of the soldiers, bread which it had been affirmed was poisoned; he even went from house to house to ascertain that the proper remedies were applied. His tact and courage were of the greatest service in calming and reassuring the affrighted people. The revolution was again crushed, and eighty-one of the ringleaders fell on the scaffold in various towns in Sicily. Those who escaped detection, though constrained to give up their designs for the present, did not the less continue to conspire secretly against the king. They cautiously blackened every act of Ferdinand's government; corresponded with the disaffected in other countries, and spread the ramifications of a revolution which was to break forth at the first opportunity. It is from this period that the apo-

logists of Ferdinand date the change in his policy and government.

A French writer remarks, with reference to this king: "Truly great minds become elevated in proportion to the dangers and difficulties they have to encounter; that of Ferdinand sank and retrograded. Unequal to remove or break through the thorns and brambles that obstructed his way in the path on which, amid the applause of his people, he had entered, he wavered for some time between the counsels tendered by the timid liberalism of Louis Phillipe, and the selfish, obstructive policy of the Austrian emperor; he allowed himself to be drawn towards the school of Metternich, and concluded an alliance with Vienna, to which he remained faithful. But, whilst he thus gave himself up to the guidance of absolutism, he could not wholly cast aside his early inclinations for progress, and from the conflict between those two irreconcileable principles proceeded that inconsistency which was so remarkable in his subsequent conduct.

It is possible he may have been influenced in his final adoption of the Austrian policy by his second marriage with Maria Theresa Isabella, daughter of the Archduke Charles, to whom he was united, February 9th, 1837. It appeared probable at one time that Ferdinand would marry one of the daughters of Louis Phillipe; he spent some weeks in Paris, and was upon the most cordial and intimate terms with the French Monarch and his family; his subsequent visit to Trent, where he met the Austrian princess, must have changed the current of his thoughts, for it transpired after his marriage with her, that he had made an offer to one of the French princesses, and had been reproached by Louis Phillipe for breach of faith. This union only served to increase his growing unpopularity with the people; the cholera returned to Italy in July and August, 1837, and was followed by the old accusation of poison. People of education and rank, alarmed by the excessive mortality, gave credence to the tale, and the Archbishop of Palermo himself died in the belief he had been poisoned.

The people again attempted a revolution; it was soon suppressed, but the king, now thoroughly enraged with his subjects, made no more efforts to conciliate them, and sent Del Carretto to wreak his vengeance on the offenders. Order had been restored previous to his arrival, but did not prevent this detested agent of oppression from carrying out his mission of blood. A thousand Sicilians were arrested, more than a hundred executed, and in such haste, that on one occasion one too many was found among the dead; a band of music played during the executions, and in the evening Del Carretto gave a ball, to which, in bitter mockery, he invited the wives and daughters of those who had perished during the day. On his return to Naples he received, as a reward for his services, the Order of St. Januarius, and represented the Sicilians to the king as wholly disaffected to his government. From that time they were deprived of every vestige of liberty, they were subjected to increase of taxation; a fearful spy-system was organized; anyone who denied

an accusation, or resisted seizure, was scourged, hung up by the arms, or tortured still more frightfully; all found carrying arms were publicly flogged; and the whole population was given up to the power of a brutal police.

Ferdinand meanwhile becoming still more alarmed by the spread of liberal opinions in Sardinia, where the King Charles Albert was gradually paving the way by various preliminary measures for an extension of political freedom, gave himself up entirely to the influence of Metternich.

It was in 1839 that the first railway was completed from Naples to Portici, and the capital was lighted with gas. The next year Ferdinand offended the British Government by granting a monopoly of the sulphur trade to a French Company, Tair, Ayeard, and Co. This being in direct violation of the treaty of 1816, between England and the two Sicilies, the king was compelled, in order to avoid war with England, to indemnify the British merchants who had suf-

fered loss, and to withdraw the monopoly. In 1842 the king determined to visit Sicily, hoping to gain thereby some popularity. During his progress all the roads were deserted, not a peasant was to be seen; and in the cities all doors and windows were closed, and having proof that his life was in peril he quickly returned to Naples.

The same year a revolt was attempted in the Abruzzi; it failed; the Marquis of Ragonetti, a man remarkable only for his benevolence, and the absence of extreme views in politics, fell a victim with thirty others, while hundreds saved themselves by flight. The state of the country grew daily worse, the king gave himself up entirely to the influence of his confessor, Monsignor Cocle, a true Jesuit, opposed to the progress of knowledge in any shape whatever, and who, under the show of enforcing a rigid morality on his majesty, encouraged his passion for accumulating money. Next in favour with the king stood Sant Angelo, Minister of the Interior, who seized every

opportunity of increasing the despotic power of the Crown, and appropriated to Ferdinand's use moneys that had been raised for the construction of roads. Del Carretto, the Minister of Police, assumed the entire Censorship of the Press, revived the punishment of flogging, made himself dreaded by ferocious executions and fearful tortures, and kept Ferdinand in constant alarm by reports of the alienation of his subjects, and of plots against his life. The prisons were crowded with political offenders, who were subjected to treatment too loathsome to describe, and a system of corruption was conceived, which demoralised all who came within its influence.

The degeneration in the king's character now became more evident; although governed to a certain extent by fear and superstition, his predominant passion was the love of power; with the cunning and fondness for finesse, so characteristic of a Bourbon, he maintained his own supremacy intact by fomenting dissensions among his Ministers, and carried his jealousy of his kingly

prerogative so far as to frustrate on some occasions measures which he secretly approved, but which had not emanated from himself. Delighting in shrouding himself in impenetrable mystery, he preferred accomplishing all his designs by stratagem, and took especial pleasure in disconcerting expectation by acting in a manner diametrically opposed to what was expected. Caring only for what was secret, he frequently gave up some cherished plan, because it became known before he could carry it out. To an intense desire for meddling with everything, he added the wish of making himself acquainted with all details, however minute and unnecessary for one in his high position. With this view, he carried out in all departments, whether ministerial, municipal, or military, the plan of selecting for working together those whom he knew to hate each other, or to hold opposite views; he encouraged each to play the spy upon the other, and by increasing mutual jealousies and distrust, informing himself

of all that passed, and held all bound by fear to his sovereign will.

In 1843, the members of the Society of "young Italy" planned a rising, which they imagined would induce a general revolution throughout Italy in favour of establishing a republic; the movement meeting with no sympathy was easily suppressed by the police. The attempt was renewed by three other members of the same society; the two brothers Bandiera and Domenico Moro—all Venetians; the latter had served in the Austrian navy. They met at Corfu to arrange their mode of action, and, at the instigation of Mazzini, chose as leader Riniotti, a Neapolitan, who had joined the Carbonaro revolution in 1821, and had, in consequence, suffered nine years' incarceration in a dungeon. They effected a landing in Calabria, intending to raise the standard of revolution in Caserta, but were instantly attacked by a body of soldiers, their movements having been betrayed by a Corsican, Bocche-

ciampi, who had feigned to join in the conspiracy. They were made prisoners, beaten, subjected to every indignity, and thrown into the foul dungeons of Cozenza.

The next day all were led out to be shot, in the presence of a silent and gloomy multitude. The Neapolitan Government had received information of the intended plot from Sir James Graham, then minister of the British Home Office, and who had acquired the knowledge by the interception of some letters, addressed by some Italian refugees in London, to Mazzini. Del Carretto ordered the arrest of several liberals of note, then in Naples; but as no evidence of complicity could be obtained, they were set at liberty, after enduring some months of misery. In the Vicaria, among these, was Carlo Poerio, whose father, the Baron Giuseppe Poerio, died this same year (1843). Pope Gregory XVI., dying June 1st, 1846, was succeeded by Pius IX., whose benevolence and kindness of heart were displayed in the first act of his reign—the granting a general amnesty

to all political offenders. This did not at all suit the views of the king. The placarding the amnesty on the walls was forbidden; all prints and busts of Pius were seized, and even the mention of his name was punished by the police.

In 1847 another rising took place, the object being the Constitution promised by the king. The revolt was soon suppressed, but was, as usual, followed by the greatest cruelties. The leader, Nomeo, was beheaded, and all the insurgents were killed or imprisoned; numbers who were only suspected of complicity were put to death at Gerace; among others, a son of Manzoni di Boccella, who bore the most exemplary character, was deluded into surrendering himself, by General Miniziante, on the promise of immunity.

At Messina and Rezzio military commissions were established by del Carretto, with full powers to punish summarily. The most fearful tortures were employed to extort confession, or accusation of others. A few months later, when the people broke into the police courts, mutilated remains

of the victims were discovered; and at Naples numbers were arrested. Orders were even given to the troops to be in readiness to fire upon the people. The excitement became so great that the king took alarm, and by the advice of some of his ministers consented to accept the resignation of the detested Sant Angelo—a concession to the feelings of intense hatred with which the minister was regarded by all classes, but which was somewhat lessened in effect by the fact of his being at the same time created a marquis. The storm, though lulled for a time, threatened to break forth with renewed fury.

Efforts were made on all sides to induce the king to change a policy which placed his life, as well as his kingdom, in the most imminent peril. Petitions were presented by the moderate liberal party, signed by men of rank and merit, praying his majesty to avert the evil by timely concession. Lord Minto, who had been sent into Italy to give a moral support to the reforms contemplated by the Pope, and to

encourage the King of Sardinia to persevere in the path of reform, in spite of the opposition offered by Austria, received instructions to proceed to Naples, to offer advice to the king to secure the contentment and happiness of his subjects by adopting, without delay, a temperate but progressive reform. France despatched Count Bresson on the same mission, while Russia, Prussia, and Austria, with the queen and the royal confessors, urged the king not to yield. The latter advice being in accordance with Ferdinand's wishes, he determined to refuse the firm, though moderate, demands of his subjects. Towards the end of December, 1847, a placard was placed on the walls of Palermo, making a final appeal to the king, and fixing the 12th of January as the last day of endurance.

Early on the morning of that day, it being the fête of Ferdinand, guns were fired, and as the patrols of soldiers were passing through the streets, they were attacked by the revolutionists, few in number and badly armed. The lord-lieutenant

sent immediately to Naples for troops. On the 14th, five thousand soldiers arrived, under the command of General De Sanget, to whom the king had said on leaving, "General, make a garden of Palermo for me, if it does not submit." His brother, the Count d' Aquila, accompanied the expedition, with powers to grant concessions and a truce. The general began at once to bombard the city. No lives were taken by the people, until, on breaking into the rooms of the police, a secret door was discovered, leading to a small inner apartment, where skeletons were found on shelves and in niches, with bones and parts of the human body. The people at once fell on the officers, and sacrificed their lives to a patriotic vengeance. A junta was formed, at the head of which was placed Admiral Settimo, a man of patriotic and unsullied character. The concessions offered by the king being found unsatisfactory, a resolution was passed, "That the people were resolved to listen to no proposition until the Parliament had met and settled the terms of the Constitution."

Count d'Aquila reported the state of things to the king, and on the 18th Ferdinand published a manifesto addressed to Sicily, granting them a separate administration, and promising that all employments, civil and military, should be filled by Sicilians. A list of political offenders was prepared, and on the 24th the amnesty was published; the ministry of police was abolished, and its direction conferred on the minister of the interior.

Meanwhile a riot broke out in Naples, and on the 27th, though the rain was falling in torrents, twenty thousand friends of liberty, nobles and plebeians, marched through the city, carrying tricoloured flags, and shouting "*Viva la Constituzione.*" Ferdinand ordered General Ruberti to fire on the city, which he refused to do. The cavalry, under Field Marshal Statella, were next called out, but were surrounded, and compelled to cry out "*Viva la Constituzione.*"

"General," said Don Barberisi, a venerable old man, to Statella, on restoring the reins of his horse, which had been torn from his hands in the

crowd, "Tell the King what you see, and that his people, unarmed and suppliant, are unanimous in demanding a Constitution."

"I will tell his majesty everything," said Statella, "but I cannot give him my eyes and ears."

A new cabinet was formed, which included Bozzelli, the President of the liberal committee at Naples, and the next day the King issued a Royal Proclamation, granting a representative government to the kingdom of the two Sicilies. The dismissal of the detested Minister of Police, Del Carretto, was entrusted to General Filangiere, who sent him to the Palace, demanded his sword, and ordered him to leave the kingdom. He was not even allowed to return home to change his dress, but was hurried on board the Stromboli, which sailed immediately for France. Monsignor Cocle was also obliged to fly; he went to Malta, but afterwards retired to Castellamare. In Sicily the people had again risen in arms, and, on the 30th General De Sanget was forced to abandon Palermo,

and re-embark the Royal troops in such haste that they were obliged to kill their horses and abandon their guns, leaving three thousand dead and wounded. The soldiers plundered and committed all sorts of atrocities on their way to the ships. Their line of retreat could be traced by the sight of women covered with the blood of their children, and villages in flames. The general, before leaving, set free four thousand galley-slaves, after keeping them forty-eight hours without food, believing they would surpass his own troops in the work of pillage and devastation. He was, happily, at fault, for they entered the capital without mischief. The people refused to accept any Constitution as a gift, but claimed it as a right, and would not consent to lay down their arms until their Parliament had adapted the Silician Constitution to the exigencies of the times. The Neapolitans retained possession of the Citadel of Messina, and the bombardment of the city was continued until March, to the great destruction of life and property.

In the meantime the arrangement of the new Constitution granted by the king was confided to Bozzelli, who proved himself wholly incompetent for the task. Influenced by his desire to preserve his popularity with the liberals, and at the same time to conciliate the king, he framed a measure in which he closely imitated the Charter of France, took some articles from that of Belgium, and, making no allowance for the peculiar habits and character of Neapolitans, left the Press without any restriction, however wholesome. On the other hand, to please the king, he retained all officers, however noted for corruption and their adhesion to the old state of things, and left his majesty the whole disposal of the navy and army.

On the 10th of February the Constitution was formally proclaimed, the following day a Te Deum was performed in all the churches, by order of the king, who, with the queen, passed in procession in an open carriage through the streets. On the 24th the king and royal princes took the

oath to the Neapolitan Constitution, in the Church of San Francesco di Paolo. On the 1st of March, propositions for the remodelling of the Sicilian Government were laid before the king, who objected to the clause which prohibits Neapolitan troops being sent into Sicily. News arriving, while the discussions were going on, of the French Revolution and the flight of Louis Phillipe, Ferdinand published a decree called "The Concessions of March 6th," in which he convoked the Sicilian Parliament for the 25th of March, appointed Settimo Lord Lieutenant, and authorised him to open the Chambers. The Neapolitans, influenced by the writings of Groberti, and the example of other Italian cities, rose in a tumult, and demanded the expulson of the Jesuits, threatening to attack the monasteries, in case of refusal. The ministers decided in Council to banish all foreign Jesuits, and confine native priests of the order to their monasteries. As this did not satisfy the people, thousands of the lower orders surrounded the monasteries on the

evening of March the 9th, and for two days the troops had great difficulty in protecting the Jesuits. On the 12th, the Ministers thought it advisable to yield to the populace, and gave an order for the conveyance of the obnoxious priests to the shore, whence they embarked on the 13th. On the 25th of March, the Sicilian Parliament was opened by Don Ruggiero Settimo; the next day he was nominated President of the Government of Sicily, with a choice of ministers. On the 13th of April, the Parliament declared that Ferdinand and his heirs had forfeited all right to the Throne of Sicily—that the Italian Prince, selected by the representatives of the people, should be offered the Crown, and proclaimed the Government constitutional. It was at this time that Ferdinand received the soubriquet of "King Bomba," in consequence of the Citadel of Messina having continued during the intervening months, by the king's orders, to throw shells on the city. The news of Ferdinand's deposition created the wildest enthusiasm throughout Sicily,

and the Parliament for the next three months deliberated on the compilation of the statute which was to precede the choice of a new Sovereign.

In the meantime, the struggle for independence in the North of Italy was becoming daily more absorbing in interest. War against Austria, to expel the foreigner from the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom, was the universal cry. An army of volunteers had already left Rome to assist the Lombardians; the Grand Duke of Tuscany sent troops to the frontiers; and the Neapolitans assembled in overwhelming masses beneath the palace windows, calling on the king for an army to assist their oppressed brethren. Ferdinand was compelled to promise forty thousand men—part to be sent to Venice, the rest to join the Sardinians, Romans, and Tuscans, in Lombardy. The departure of the troops was nevertheless delayed, and meanwhile the ears of the soldiers poisoned against the people; the agents of Ferdinand persuading the former that the existence

of an army was considered impossible with the constitution desired by the latter; the press was encouraged to abuse violently the soldiers; when they appeared in the streets they were insulted by the mob, and no means were omitted to widen the breach, and excite the evil passions on both sides.

The opening of the Parliament, which was to discuss and settle the form of the Constitution which Ferdinand had sworn to give the people, was postponed from the 1st of May to the 15th; and the intervening time was employed by the agents of both parties to create distrust and alarm, and to lash the populace on to fury. A placard was posted, informing the people that the hated Sant Angelo, Father Cocle, and Del Carretto were receiving full pay from the king, and that the latter was actually in the palace; it called on them to beware, reminded them of past experience of prison, exile, and the use of the gallows, and bid them resist. At the same time reports were spread by the emissaries of the king that there were plots to murder him,

and overturn the national religion. On the evening of the 14th, a meeting of the Deputies having been convened to communicate with the Ministers respecting the programme of the ceremony of inauguration, a difference of opinion arose between them and the king as to the oath to be administered.

After many messages to and fro, Ferdinand consented, on the Ministers threatening to resign, to omit the oath altogether until the Parliament had decided on the form, but, without consulting the Minister of War, ordered the principal places to be filled with troops. This being quietly done, an alarm was spread among the people that the soldiers were about to attack them. The panic spread, barricades were hastily thrown up, and every preparation was made for defence. The king was entreated to withdraw the troops, which he refused until the barricades were removed, and the morning of the memorable 15th broke upon a state of things which almost baffles description.

While the King was vacillating between the promptings of fear and hatred, issuing orders from hour to hour, each contradicting the other, a stray shot served as a signal for a general engagement; and the work of blood began.

The troops fired on the people,—the red flag was hoisted from the Castle, and the guns turned on the city; the barricades were soon carried, and the soldiers proceeded to slaughter all they could find in the shops and houses of those who had taken no part in the conflict. The horrors of that day almost defy description. Men, women, and children were thrown from windows, to be caught on the bayonets of the soldiers below; the sick and wounded were burned in their beds; the lazzaroni followed the soldiers as they went from house to house, to pillage, and carry off whatever the latter had left. The slaughter had begun before noon, and it was night ere it ceased, —the King refusing to sign an order to stop the massacre; and when strongly urged by the Ministers on the point, coldly replied—

"The time for mercy is past. My people must now bear the consequences of their own actions."

To foreign Courts, however, he thought fit to urge the necessity of self-defence as an excuse for his conduct; and to give a colour of clemency to his proceedings, liberated seven hundred prisoners. He dismissed his Ministers; and, the day after the massacre, issued a manifesto, in which he promised to re-assemble the Parliament.

The next day this was cancelled, martial law was declared, the National Guard was disbanded, and the meeting of Parliament was postponed to the 1st of July. Meanwhile, those soldiers who had made themselves most remarkable in the work of destruction, were rewarded and promoted. General Roberti was dismissed for having refused to fire on the city. The old system of police was restored, with all its domiciliary visits and arrests, spies and tortures.

The Pope had, on the previous 29th, in the memorable Encyclical, denounced the war against Austria, for the liberation of Italian States.

Ferdinand now availed himself of this as a pretext for refusing the subsidy promised to Piedmont; and as Calabria, on learning the events of the 15th of May, broke out into revolt, the army, then at Bologna, under the command of General Pépé, was recalled. The latter, having received urgent appeals from the King of Sardinia and the people of Venice for aid, determined to disobey the order. The troops, however, who had been worked upon by agents of the King, to believe they were wanted at home to defend their Sovereign, their wives, and children, from the fire and sword of the republicans, refused to obey the general, and demanded to be led homewards by Statella. Only a small body of volunteers, with a few officers and soldiers, remained with Pépé, who proceeded with them to Venice.

The spirit of the Neapolitans, being for the time crushed by the fearful atrocities of the 15th, and subsequent days, Ferdinand thought the opportunity favourable for the recovery of Sicily.

The truce between the two States had expired on the 21st of May; and the Sicilians had enraged the King by wearing mourning three days for those who perished on the 15th; and performing funeral service in their houses. Some hundreds of Sicilians, who had joined the Calabrians in the attempt at revolt, were, on its failure, seized, while endeavouring to escape to Sicily by a Neapolitan vessel, and confined in the loathsome dungeons of Sant Elmo.

The Parliament of Palermo, after hesitating for some time in the choice of their King, determined on offering the crown to the Duke of Genoa, son of Charles Albert, King of Sardinia, who refused it, not wishing to involve himself in a war with Naples.

The Neapolitan Parliament met on the 1st of July, but was not graced with the presence of Ferdinand, who, since the 15th of May, had not ventured out of his Palace.

After some stormy discussions between the ministers and the deputies, and the presentation

of an address to the King from the Commons, containing allusion to the political regeneration and independence of Italy, which were exceedingly displeasing to him, Ferdinand determined to prorogue the Chambers,—his agents, at the same time, receiving orders to get up a demonstration among the lower classes against the Constitution. They were met by a party of lazzaroni, who, to the surprise and alarm of the King, took the opposite side. A fight ensued. The troops were ordered to fire on the people. Some were killed; many wounded; and the usual arrests, tortures, and incarcerations followed.

On the 3rd of September sixteen thousand troops were sent into Sicily, under the command of General Filangieri, who had ever displayed a marked opposition to Sicilian interests.

The Citadel, which had remained in the hands of the Neapolitans, through an unaccountable oversight, on the part of the Messinese, again opened fire on the Sicilians. A most desperate resistance was offered by the people,—old men,

women, and even children braving the showers of balls that fell around them, to urge on the combatants. On the fifth day the Sicilians were compelled to desist, from failure of ammunition. Filangieri renewed the attack with irresistible fury, and, urging on the soldiers to the commission of every possible atrocity, gained for himself the unenviable title of the "butcher of Messina." Men, women, and children were slaughtered from house to house, which, with churches and monasteries, were fired. The soldiers fastened up the doors of the hospitals, and burned the wounded alive. This lasted three days, when the French and English admirals in the port interfered to stop the carnage, and persuaded the King to consent to an armistice. The Neapolitan Parliament had been appointed to meet again on the 30th of November, but the liberal element being found stronger than ever, Ferdinand, in disgust, again prorogued it till February, 1849.

On the 24th of November, the Pope, panic-stricken by the assassination of his minister,

Rossi, had thought it advisable to leave Rome secretly, and sought refuge in Gaeta, whither, on the 27th, Ferdinand, with his Queen, the royal family, and clergy went to receive him. Ferdinand felt it necessary to have an escort of fourteen hundred men, to insure his personal safety; and on his arrival at Gaeta immediately prostrated himself at the Pope's feet, and implored his benediction. This he repeated daily; and on his presenting his Holiness to the Troops as a— "Tender father, who had been driven from his kingdom by the people, for whom he had done so much—" the Pope returned the compliment, by professing to be "Greatly edified, to find himself surrounded by soldiers, who had given proof of fidelity to so pious a King."

Meanwhile, the state of Naples was becoming daily more desperate; the people, however peaceable, were insulted by the soldiers, and, if imprudent enough to complain, were handed over to the police, who tortured and imprisoned at their

sovereign will and pleasure. The Press was persecuted; and authors of liberal articles threatened with death.

On the 1st of February the Neapolitan Parliament met, and proceeded to send up an address to the king, entreating him to change his ministers. On the 13th March the president received as reply a sealed packet from the minister Torella, containing his Majesty's decree for dissolving the chambers.

At the end of the previous month (February), a proposal had been made to the Sicilians by the great mediating powers to re-unite the crowns of Sicily and Naples. General Filangieri on the part of Ferdinand, offered the Sicilians the charter of the 28th of February, 1848, instead of the constitution of 1812, and required them to pledge themselves to pay, besides the taxes, six millions of francs towards the expenses of the war. These terms were refused and hostilities were resumed. Filangieri took the command of

the Neapolitan army; the Sicilians offered a desperate, though inefficient, resistance, and were completely routed in battle.

Catania was taken by assault April 8th, Syracuse surrendered April 23rd, and Palermo May 15th.

The French Admiral Baudin advised surrender at discretion, and trusting to the generosity of the king. The Sicilians yielded to inexorable fate, on the condition of an amnesty to the leaders of what was termed rebellion. The promise given by Filangieri of an amnesty, was broken immediately on his entering Palermo, and the fall of Sicily under the brutal yoke of tyranny was celebrated, on the news reaching Gaëta, by great rejoicings and illuminations, in which the pious Ferdinand was joined by his holiness and the cardinals.

In April, 1849, Ferdinand assembled an army of sixteen thousand men, and marched towards Rome with the intention of effecting the restoration of the Pope to his throne; the expedi-

tion proved a failure, the Neapolitans being defeated in every action by the Romans. After sustaining a loss of men and muskets, in an encounter with a division under the command of Garibaldi, Ferdinand was easily persuaded to listen to the entreaties of the Pope to return; his Majesty having become painfully aware of the difference between a real battle and a review.

On the 4th of September the Pope left Gaëta for Portici, whither he was escorted with the greatest show of reverence by Ferdinand. It was at this time that a reaction in favour of despotism took place in some of the contending States. Charles Albert had been defeated at Novara by Radetsky. The Tuscans had invited their Grand Duke to return and resume the government; it was evident that Venice could not hold out much longer against Austria, and that Rome would soon be compelled, by the victorious French, to receive back his holiness and his satellite, Cardinal Antonelli.

Ferdinand felt the time was come when he

might safely display the intense hatred he bore to the constitution, which circumstances alone had forced him to grant to his people. Three fourths of the deputies who had sat in the chambers dissolved, were arrested under the most frivolous pretences. The ministers, Torella and Bozzelli were dismissed, as not sufficiently pliable to the will of the king, and power was given to a prefect, Pechenada, to search houses, pay domiciliary visits by night, arrest without a warrant from any court of justice, and to conduct prosecutions. The Jesuits were invited to Naples; others were permitted to resume the superintendence of all institutions connected with education, and, moreover, re-established the dreaded inquisition, with full powers to try political offenders. Agnesti, Settembrini, Poerio, and numbers of others who were suspected of belonging to a society called "Italian Liberty," were seized and thrown into loathsome dungeons, or confined in horrible caves. Orders were given

for the arrest of several thousands of persons throughout the provinces, and during the fearful misery caused on all sides by the atrocious cruelties which were inflicted on men of all ranks, and of unblemished character, the king celebrated with great rejoicings the birth of a daughter, and received from the Pope, as a special mark of favour and acknowledgment of his pious devotion to the church, the consecrated golden rose, a gift only bestowed on great occasions.

Meanwhile the sufferings of the Sicilians became so dreadful, that the British Government addressed a protest to the king on the subject, and urged him to restore the constitution of 1812, but without leading to any beneficial result. Ferdinand agreed to appoint some member of the royal family to govern Sicily, reserving to himself the nomination of all members of the council at Palermo, and the right of accepting or rejecting all measures. The condition of the people was no way improved. The National

Guard was disbanded, and a levy of twenty millions of ducats imposed on the Sicilians, to pay the expenses of the last revolutionary wars.

In January, 1850, the Sicilians once more attempted a revolt, which was speedily crushed; numbers were put to death without the form of a trial, and many more arrested in Naples, as well as in Sicily. It was this time that the farce of petitioning the king to abolish the constitution was played, and under the direction of the minister of police, the alternative of signing or going to prison was offered; nearly two thousand of the most refractory were replaced in office by creatures of the government, during one year, and the result was a petition with upwards of twenty thousand signatures, which the king, though choosing to affect displeasure, could not refuse to receive. Towards the end of March, the Pope, who had arrived at Portici on a visit to the king the previous September, announced his intention of returning to Rome. His stay in Naples, instead of exciting religious enthusiasm, as ex-

pected, had only led to greater misery; the explosion of a mine of gunpowder, near the palace, on the day of his arrival, was followed by numerous arrests; the people did not scruple to attribute the whole affair to the prefect of police, in order to cause a suspicion of fresh plots. Many were, in consequence, treated with greater barbarity; and, among others, Poerio, who being accused of complicity, was removed to a dark dungeon, and subjected to cruel indignities. The Pope left Naples early in April, and was escorted by Ferdinand to the frontiers, with every mark of respect. Before leaving him, he threw himself at the feet of his holiness, and craved his blessing.

"I bless you," said Pius, "and with you your kingdom."

He then took the king in his arms, kissed him on the forehead, and departed for Rome, having received the keys of that city from the French General Oudinot, at the close of the preceding year.

In June, 1850, the unfortunate men who had

been arrested as members of the society of Italian Unity were brought to a mock trial, by a judge who started with the opinion "that all accused by the government ought to be found guilty." A fearful scene ensued; many of the prisoners were apparently dying, and all showed, in their wretched appearance, the horrors they had undergone. Some had been induced, under torture, to confess; they now, in spite of intimidation, retracted what had been wrung from them in accusation of themselves. Carafa boldly asked pardon in court of those whom he had accused. Pironti persisted in describing the tortures which had been inflicted on him, and the temptation held out to him of the king's pardon if he would confess and implicate others.

When witnesses of the most infamous character were brought forward against Settembrini—men, who were ready to perjure themselves by swearing to anything suggested by the examiners, he loudly demanded to be taken back to his prison, rather than be present at so infamous a proceed-

ing. The greatest confusion ensued; the court was broken up, and the judge, Novarra, was attacked by the people on his return home, and escaped with some difficulty.

The trials were resumed the succeeding day, six out of forty-two were acquitted. Settembrini, Agnesti, and Fancitano were condemned to death, but, twelve hours before the time approached for their execution, the sentence was commuted to transportation for life. Poerio was offered pardon if he would ask the king's forgiveness, but he refused. All the prisoners were conveyed to various prisons, and were subjected to sufferings which it is difficult to believe can be inflicted in the nineteenth century on human beings by their fellow creatures.

LETTER XIV.

DEATH AND CHARACTER OF FERDINAND II.

State of the kingdom at the period of the King's death—Ferdinand's health failing in 1846—Dr. Ramaglia summoned to attend him - Great emaciation and prostration of strength—Formation of cancer—Various operations—Devotion of the Queen—The King removed to Bari—Thence to Caserta—The King intent on prison discipline—Appearance of the morbus pedicularis—The King desires to be buried at Gaeta—A last attempt to save his life unsuccessful—The King's death by consumption, May 22, 1859—Ferdinand's abilities—Pleasing manners—Domestic virtues—Unfortunate effects of his position—His personal appearance—Summing up.

IN the condition just described, the kingdom found itself at the opening of the year 1859. Liberal principles were everywhere spreading, and it was openly discussed among all classes, whether the

time were not come for an united Italian kingdom under the sceptre of Victor Emanuel. The king suffered much from irritation and anxiety. His health had never been good since the memorable year 1848, and the same causes which affected him then had been, more or less, at work ever since. It was now generally understood that he was fast becoming a confirmed invalid; and though the public were not allowed to know much of his real state, the current reports were, as is generally the case, not far from the truth. In the early part of February Dr. Ramaglia, a physician of great eminence, was daily in attendance. The king suffered from continual fever, prostration of strength, and wasting away of flesh. A tumour which had for some time formed on the thigh, began to assume an alarming appearance, and necessitated several severe, but unavailing, operations. It was said that he had been seized with apoplexy, but this was not the case, though no one about him could doubt that his end was fast approaching.

About the 25th a consultation was held, and though recovery was really out of the question, the people were led to believe that the king was much better. Very few persons were permitted to see him, and the queen devoted herself, night and day, to watching over his hours of agony. During all this time Ferdinand would allow no one to interfere with the cares of government; he alone held the key to his system, and except so far as he could personally direct it, it could be said to have no direction at all. The Duke of Calabria was thrown more into the background than ever, and all orders were transmitted through the queen to the ministers and other officers of state.

On the 5th of March the king was removed to Bari from Naples, where he had hitherto been since his illness had taken its present serious form, and was greatly alarmed at his reception by the inhabitants. They crowded round his carriage, and, removing the horses, drew him into the town in a rude kind of triumph; but he, mistaking this rough loyalty for disaffection, and sus-

pecting some designs on his person, became extremely irritated, and his disorder gained ground rapidly. When his terror was a little allayed, he received a deputation, and at their request pardoned and discharged all the political prisoners in the castle. Whether this concession was unwillingly wrung from him, or whether he feared that it would be followed by new demands is now uncertain; but he decided on remaining no longer at the place, but removing to Portici. This journey was, of course, taken by sea, and the king was so exhausted by the fatigue attendant on it, that when he landed on the 21st of March, and was carried in a litter to the palace, the report spread that he was dead, and to quiet the people it became necessary to open the litter, and to show that the king, though in a state of extreme suffering, was still alive.

This devotion, on the part of the population, deeply affected the king, who was conscious how little he had deserved it; but with the restlessness which he always displayed, he desired to be

carried to Caserta, and to try a change of physicians as well as of air. The Duke of Calabria, the king's eldest son, came to be in attendance on his father, and was accompanied by the duchess; but Ferdinand, though he occasionally saw both, did not permit them to be often in his company, and withheld from them every mark of his confidence. The open dislike of the queen to the duke may have had something to do with this partial exclusion; but in addition to the king's disease, which rendered his chamber intolerable to all but his devoted wife, the Duchess of Calabria expressed unhesitatingly her wish to be at Naples.

While in this state Ferdinand's mind was still occupied with prisons and prison discipline, and he employed his hours of comparative tranquillity by arranging a plan for making Montesarchi a jail for criminal monks and priests, a plan which his death prevented from being carrying into execution.

By the middle of the month of April his state

became desperate. Effusions of arterial blood were continually taking place, and he, believing himself at the point of death, gave directions about his funeral, which he desired to be celebrated at Gaëta, where he had built a church, in which he ordered his bones to be laid. Life had become, in every sense, a burden. In addition to fever and cancer, he had been affected for some weeks with *morbus pediculosus,* and it was with thankfulness that the king, at last, felt the merciful hand of pulmonary consumption rapidly terminating his miserable existence. Even to the last, however, he retained a firm grasp of power, issued his directions and allowed no interference with affairs of state. At the urgent entreaty of the queen he permitted a quack, named Manigrossi, to see him, and submitted patiently to very severe treatment at his hands. This man painted the body of the dying king with a black and caustic preparation, and this was continued for some days without effect, till the king, finding the pain produced by it insupport-

able, required it to be given up. Even the queen could not be induced to regard the case as hopeless, and a young French naval surgeon was introduced who expressed hopes that he could effect a cure. He removed the tumour, but the operation was not sufficiently extensive, and only added to the sufferings of the patient. At length, death, long hoped for, put a period to a reign so eventful and so melancholy, on the 22nd of May, 1859. I have entered into all this painful detail to show how severe was the affliction which he, who had caused so much misery to others, was at last called to pass through in his own person.

From the events of his life it will not be difficult to draw the character of Ferdinand II., and although it will be necessary to make certain allowances for the peculiarity of his position, it seems probable that posterity will not judge of him more favourably than his contemporaries have already done. Gifted with abilities considerably beyond the average, he had especially that insight into character which enabled him to see at once

what use he could make of those with whom he was brought into contact. He had great charm of manner, and whenever he thought it worth while to do so, he could attach to him, in a great degree, those who surrounded him. There was an apparent frankness and confiding good-nature about him, which it was impossible for any who was not profoundly acquainted with his disposition to resist. His conversation was always agreeable, often witty, and he had a large share of that shrewd humour which characterized his grandfather. He made great professions of religion; whether he was sincere or not it is, perhaps, impossible to say. At best, his religion could only be a species of superstition, and he may have devoutly believed in its efficacy. His domestic character was blameless. He was affectionately attached to his queen, and if he appeared indifferent to his eldest son, Francis, the cold and apathetic disposition of the youth may have been the cause in fault. Correct himself, he was a rigid upholder of propriety in all about him, and

some of his artistic freaks in this direction have drawn upon him a good deal of not altogether unmerited ridicule. It is probable, had his lot been cast in private life, he would have lived long and usefully; but he was, in spite of his undoubted abilities, entirely unfitted for government.

There seems reason to believe that when he ascended the throne, he had the best intentions towards his people, and seriously meant to carry out the somewhat magnificent programme which he published on his father's death. Scarcely, however, had he taken the reins of state, when the revolution of July broke out, and Europe was convulsed, as it had not been since the general peace. In this disturbance Naples had its full share. More than one attempt was actually made on the life of the king, and he was led to believe that many more were in contemplation. His good will was rejected; his liberal announcements were received with incredulity; and, if his promises were ever indeed intended to be fulfilled,

it cannot be denied that he was treated with great ingratitude. Gradually his heart became hardened; the old Bourbon principles of government resumed their sway, and he appears to have resolved that, since he had been treated as a despot, he would reign as one. From this time he banished mercy from his thoughts, and bent his mind to crush the spirit of liberty wherever it appeared. For the sake of his own absolute authority he was equally willing to bombard a city, or to incarcerate a minister. The most cruel tortures, the most loathsome dungeons were the portion of all whom his jealous mind suspected; the rights of man were openly scoffed at, and law became a mere instrument in the hands of a tyrant. Equally false, cruel, and cowardly, he inviolated all his engagements, dreaded all enlightenment, and acquired a name, the significancy of which can never be understood, save in the country which he so ruthlessly oppressed.

In person, Ferdinand II. was tall and bulky,

but clumsily built and awkward in movement. His face was large and sensual, but good-humoured in expression, and his eye was sharp and intelligent,—it was compared, not without reason, to that of an elephant. His hair became grey and scanty in the latter years of his life, and this made his head look small, which was by no means the case in reality. His tastes were military, but he rarely appeared in uniform, save on occasions when it was absolutely necessary, usually preferring to dress in black, and affecting great distaste for pomp and needless state. His education had been imperfect, but he read and thought more than was sometimes supposed. He spoke French well, and German with some facility, and was considered to have a fair knowledge of fortification and the art of war. In 1839 he patronized the Italian scientific league, and invited its members to a congress at Naples, where he made himself extremely agreeable to the assembled *savans*, saying to San Angelo, his minister, "Personally, I have no scientific attainments to boast,

but I can appreciate them in others." He required, however, that learning should be on the "right" side in politics, and soon discovered that with his politics all learning was incompatible. He was easy of access, but preserved a cold and unmoved aspect to all petitioners, and few ever obtained from him the remission or mitigation of a sentence. To sum up, in a few words, it may be said of Ferdinand II. that few kings had greater opportunities of promoting the happiness of his subjects, and few have occasioned so vast an amount of human misery.

LETTER XV.

FRANCIS II.

Immediate effect of King Ferdinand's death—Proposals for reform—Plots, real and pretended—Supposed designs of the Queen Dowager—The Counts of Trani and Aquila—Proceedings of the King—Appearance on the scene of Guiseppe Garibaldi—His early history—His campaign in America Triumvir of Rome—Accession of Victor Emmanuel—Share of Garibaldi in the revolutionary war—Liberation of Sicily—Desertion of the Counts of Aquila and Syracuse—The King's letter to the Pope—Faithlessness of the lazzaroni—The minister of Marine ordered into confinement—Quiet attitude of the people—Increasing unpopularity of Frances—Fortifications of St. Elmo—Strange rumours of an alliance with Sardinia—State of the army—Opinions of Ferdinand I. and Ferdinand II—Garibaldi Dictator of Sicily—Last attempts of the King—He takes the command of the army—Conduct of the Ministry—Advice of the Count of Syracuse—Final departure of the King—Proclamation of Victor Emmanuel—Close of the Bourbon rule in the Two Sicilies.

SCARCELY was the breath out of the late king's body, than representations were made to his suc-

cessor of the necessity of extensive reforms. The changes that had taken place in Northern Italy, the popularity of Victor Emmanuel throughout the whole peninsula, the adoption by the great powers of a policy of non-intervention, the advice of the Count of Syracuse, who at once assumed a prominent part in the direction of affairs, and above all, the manifest impossibility of keeping up the system of the late king, all gave hopes of a beneficial change. Francis II. possessed none of the abilities of his father; he was at once dull in intellect, and cold in heart. He formed exactly the same contrast with the late king as Francis I. had done with *his* father, and if there were any hope of energetic action, they rested only on the young queen, who was clever, ambitious, and thoroughly detested by her mother-in-law. During the late king's illness, both she and her husband had testified the greatest indifference as to his sufferings, and the princess had looked with scarcely concealed exultation to her reversionary throne.

But the king soon showed that he was a true

Bourbon. So far as he could, he determined to carry out his father's policy, and though he temporized with his uncle, the Count of Syracuse, and with others who advised a more liberal line, it was plain to all who knew him that he was resolved to grant nothing that he could help. He had not been king a week before plots began to break out around him. Some, real and serious enough, others but the phantoms of a timid imagination. Many arrests took place, and, of course, many imprisonments; and we have already seen what imprisonment meant in Naples. Among the most important of these conspiracies was that said to be organized by the Queen Dowager, a plot dating long before the death of Ferdinand, and having for its object to raise her own eldest son, Louis, Count of Trani, to the throne. It is difficult to understand how this design was to be accomplished. Louis, Count of Aquila, had exactly the same pretensions as the Count of Trani, if primogeniture were to be set aside. He was of the same party with the queen

and her son, and was far more able and energetic, in fact little or nothing could be known of the younger prince, save that, if he were ever to become king, he would, in all probability be guided by his mother, and continue the policy of Ferdinand and Francis. The liberals would, to a certainty, declare against him, and would make the disturbance of the succession a ground for at least attempting a revolution.

If plot there were, it probably ceased with the life of the late king, and events soon occurred which rendered it necessary for all conspiracies of the kind to be postponed. Parma, Modena, Tuscany, and the Romagna, had declared for annexation to the Sardinian kingdom. The dream of Italian unity began to look like a probability, and in Sicily a covert insurrection was spreading extensively. Indeed, there was scarcely a spot in the whole kingdom where discontent was not rife; the nobility were poor, the people ignorant, the prisons everywhere full, taxes were increasing, and the agents of Mazzini were holding up their heads,

thinking that the sceptre of the dreaded Bomba had fallen into the hands of a miserably incompetent successor. But Francis soon showed that, however unable he might be to supply the wants of his people, or to comprehend practically the whole system of his father, he at least understood how to arrest, to incarcerate, and torture. His ministry were changing every few weeks; all in turn fell under his suspicions, one was too liberal, and must be a concealed enemy to the throne; one was a favourite with the people, and could not be well affected to the king; while another was too decidedly in the confidence of the reactionists, and might possibly be an agent, either of the Count d'Aquila, or of his nephew, the Count di Trani.

But it is time that we should say a few words to introduce a new actor on the stage of Neapolitan politics. The reign of Francis II. of Naples will be regarded by future ages solely as an episode in the history of Guiseppe Garibaldi, that illustrious patriot who stands almost alone in the pages of

history as a hero without fear and without reproach. This remarkable man was born at Nice, on July 4th, 1807. His parents were connected with the mercantile navy, and the young Guiseppe was educated with a view to that profession. For some years, indeed, until he had arrived at the age of six and twenty, his life was occupied in voyages for commercial purposes, about the Levant, the Black Sea, and the more western parts of the Mediterranean. At this time he became an admirer of Mazzini, and took a part in the formation, under his guidance, of that party which was afterwards called "Young Italy."

Charles Albert had recently ascended the throne of Sardinia, and from having been a leader of patriots, while Prince of Carignano, he turned his whole policy in an opposite direction, and threw himself into the arms of the Jesuits. In after years he bitterly lamented this false step, for there is no doubt that his convictions were all on the side of freedom. In the conspiracy which

Mazzini organized, Garibaldi shared, and was one of those who made a descent on Savoy, in February, 1834. He very narrowly escaped being taken prisoner; and, after some time, he offered his services to the Bey of Tunis. His object in this was to obtain aid for the Italian cause, to which from that time he steadily devoted himself; but the Bey was himself an enlightened man, and saw clearly, more clearly than did the young and ardent patriot, that no beneficial results could accrue from such attempts at such a time. He offered Garibaldi the command of his fleet, which was small, ill-manned, and ill-disciplined; but, finding that it could not be used to further the liberation of Italy, Garibaldi declined the offer.

This event is only remarkable as showing how fully developed were the qualities of the man at that early period of his life, and the power which he had of impressing on all about him the greatness of his ability. Soon after this, in the year 1837, he went to South America, where he soon became involved in the wars of the Argentine

republics; he displayed great skill as a naval commander, and was of considerable service to the cause of freedom; but he suffered imprisonment, and was put to the torture, being for two hours suspended by his hands, a cruelty from which he never entirely recovered. In this country he married the lady who has won a merited immortality as the companion of his subsequent labours and glories.

It will not appear strange to any one acquainted with the character of South American warfare, that a man like Garibaldi should soon tire of its perpetual treacheries, its petty ambitions, and its paltry and personal objects. Italy was the object of his life, and while awaiting the opportunity which he never doubted would come, we find him sometime engaged in small commercial pursuits, and sometimes supporting his family by giving lessons in mathematics and languages. In 1846 affairs in Italy took a new turn, Gregory XVI. died, and was succeeded by a weak, but well meaning man, who fancied that he could at once fill the papal

throne, and yet organize an extensive system of reforms. That he failed altogether in this project, and became a reactionist, is now matter of history, but the illusion lasted long enough to bring Garibaldi over from America, at the head of one hundred horsemen, to aid in the regeneration of Italy. Charles Albert did not, perhaps dared not, encourage the application of the man who has since been the chief support of his son's Italian throne; and the career of Garibaldi, through the events that followed, was that of a guerillero, fighting as he pleased and when he pleased, but displaying all the virtues of the patriot, with all the abilities of a conqueror.

It was in the year 1848 that the republic was proclaimed at Rome, and Garibaldi immediately accepted the task of defending the Neapolitan frontier of the new commonwealth. How the Roman triumvirate was suppressed, and the pope restored, needs not to be related here; from that period no measures have been concocted for the restoration of Italy but her truest patriot has taken his share in their execution. His career in

that war, which terminated in the annexation of Lombardy, Tuscany, the Legations, Parma and Modena, to Piedmont, was equally glorious with that which had preceded it, and more brilliantly successful. There appeared now a probability that Italy might be free, and mainly by his hand, and with a devotion which had never for a moment flagged, he applied himself to the duties opening out before him. Two deaths had occurred, both calculated to strengthen, if, indeed, it needed strengthening, his patriotic ardour. Worn out by the toils and privations incident on a life so noble, but so perilous, his beloved wife had been taken from him, and on May 22nd, 1859, Ferdinand II. was called to his account. I have already related the events that followed this, the vaccillation of the new sovereign, his alternate promises and retractions, his hatred to constitutional government, and all the circumstances which not very remotely led to the rising in Sicily. In that island the career of Garibaldi was one of continual conquest. In an incredibly short time he over-ran the whole country, and

established a provisional government in the name of Victor Emmanuel.

It is a genera opinion among Italians that no rising would have taken place had it not been for Garibaldi; he alone knew how to rouse the slumbering spirit of the Sicilian people; he alone knew what agencies to employ, and how to employ them; on what officers he could depend, and for what purpose; and it has been somewhat maliciously remarked by a Neapolitan of eminence, that not only was the leader of the insurrection a foreigner, that is not a Sicilian, but that all the most effective officers he employed were foreigners too; that, in fact, the Sicilians had the great merit of being quiet and allowing themselves to be set at liberty, but that their merit begun and ended there.

In the meantime, affairs in Naples remained in much the same state. The loss of Sicily had greatly discouraged the royal party, but the king imagined that he should still succeed in calming the apprehensions of the people, and maintaining his seat on the throne.

The queen-dowager had openly placed herself at the head of the reactionary party, and from behind the walls of Gaeta extended her influence in all directions. The clergy of the capital were her zealous supporters, but those of the country were generally attached to the popular cause. The effect of her machinations became soon evident; the foreign mercenaries attempted movements in favour of the king at Reggio, Avelleno, and many other places; but their endeavours were vain, and the people, armed with forks, scythes, and any weapon that came to hand, effectually repulsed them. Meantime, the native troops and the national guard continued on the best terms in Naples itself, but it became evident that the latter would not fire on the people, and the fidelity of the former seemed more than doubtful.

These circumstances were, nevertheless, powerless in keeping together the discordant members of the royal family, the king's uncles. The counts of Syracuse and Aquila had each his own separate course of policy. The former had

been long suspected of liberalism, and had urged the king to adhere to the constitution; on this account he had lost both the confidence and the regard of his nephew, and so many insults were offered to him, so many modes adopted to show the slight value that was set upon his advice, that he resolved at last to tolerate it no longer, and openly announced his intention of quitting the kingdom with his wife, a princess of the house of Savoy, and taking up his residence in the Sardinian dominions; nor did he scruple to state his reasons for the step; he had advised and remonstrated in vain, and at length felt satisfied that the days of the Neapolitan monarchy were numbered.

Nothing which hitherto transpired had so depressing an effect on the hopes of the royalists as this, which they called a heartless desertion, and compared the conduct of the prince with that of Philippe Egalité. The policy of the other, the Count of Aquila, was widely different; attached personally to the queen, he held all her political views, and looked on a

thoroughly Austrian policy as the only one either safe or consistent. To his brother, the late king, he had been faithful, and would probably have continued so to Francis II., could he have had the slightest reliance on that prince's firmness and consistency; he knew his nephew to be at heart absolutist to the highest degree, but he also knew him to be extremely weak and temporizing, almost destitute of natural affection, and as treacherous as the worst of his family. He determined, therefore, to attempt a reactionary movement of his own; purchased large quantities of arms for distribution among the "populani," and provided himself with some thousands of copies of his own portrait, bearing the title of regent. His plot was discovered by the Minister Liborio Romano, who seized both arms and pictures, and compelled the count to embark with sealed orders, which he might open when at a distance of twenty miles from land, and which would indicate to him the place of his exile.

This step was forced from the king by his ministers; had he had the opportunity he would pro-

bably have encouraged his uncle's retrograde movement, and endeavoured to combine his interest with his own. He affected a kind of neutrality, talked of the duties he owed to his family and his people, and while submitting to what was generally regarded as a liberal ministry, he gave them as small an amount of encouragement as possible. But as day by day he saw how little he could rely on his own family, or his own army, he began to make preparation for his probable departure; he placed on board a small vessel in the harbour, a sum of no less than thirty million ducats, together with most of the crown jewels, and much other valuable property. He wrote to the pope an autograph letter, in which he lamented his position, drew an affecting picture of the state of his kingdom, and added, "I will remain to the last; but, treason having entered even into my own household, I shall be compelled to withdraw." He made it clear that he never intended to abdicate or relinquish his rights to both Sicilies. In Naples itself he had lost the support of those who were once called lazzaroni,

and who had aided his father, grandfather, and great grandfather in all their despotic proceedings; only those of the Chiaja and Santa Lucia preserved any semblance of loyalty; the others had universally declared for Garibaldi.

A song, the nature of which may be conjectured from its title, "Garibaldi's Hymn," was sung before the palace, but the unhappy king seemed even still to imagine that he had only to make promises, and be again supported on the throne. It is probable that he was in a state of constant alternation between confidence and despair, and an anecdote is related which is peculiarly characteristic of his mind and disposition. There were at that time (in the early part of August, 1860), two French vessels in the harbour, which had been employed by the government, and which the king took into his head were no longer required; he ordered them to be immediately discharged, but, as they had stores on board which could not be landed by the hour the king had named, he commanded the minister of marine to be at once arrested and committed to prison! The secretary

of state, to whom the order was given, refused to act, and the king was saved from the consequences of his own capricious tyranny.

One cause of that perplexity which appeared in almost every act of Francis, was the extraordinary attitude assumed by the people of the capital. They took no notice of the repeated proclamations about the constitution. Ministers were changed and changed again, but the multitude gave no sign; an illumination was ordered on the fête day of the queen's mother, and though the order was generally disregarded, yet no outbreak occurred. The central liberal committee was perpetually at work to prevent insurrection from breaking out prematurely, and the measures of the court and government were exactly what they would have been had there been no prospect of a change. It was openly said that the parliament, when it met, would depose the king and proclaim the annexation of the country to Piedmont; and yet the government was busy in preparing a new building, composed principally of glass and cast iron, to adorn the Largo Spirito

Santo, and to receive the deputies. A net work of railways was resolved upon, to pass through Calabria and the Abruzzi, and news was at the same time circulated, that the Emperor of Austria had ordered apartments to be made ready for the king in the palace at Schönbrun, and that the Queen Mother had, at a large expense, purchased a residence in one of the suburbs of Vienna.

On the other hand, not a day passed without some warlike preparations; rifled cannon of great calibre were made, and the king spent a great deal of time in their inspection. The castle of St. Elmo, was largely provided with food and ammunition, and as this fortress can only be used against the city, the royal intentions were but too manifest. 8,000 Bavarians were gathered in Naples, and the city was proclaimed in a state of siege. The proclamation was not, however, carried out till a later period. Constant reviews, and as constant arrests, indicated the irritable state of the king's mind; and the cause of arrests was usually, as in the case of General Marra, the asking permission to resign; whole regiments declared, while pro-

claiming their fidelity, that they would not fight against their countrymen, and by the middle of the month the aspect of public affairs was as dark as possible. Public amusements were deserted, the theatres empty, no one saluted the king as he rode out, and an opinion began to gain ground that it was his intention to bombard Naples, in case of the enemy coming to close quarters; many appearances were in favour of this view, and none more significant than that the embrasures in the castle of St. Elmo had been altered so as to allow the guns to be depressed, and to enable them to rake the streets of the city. It was also currently reported that the King had declared "If I have to leave Naples I will leave it a Pompeii."

The royal family were believed capable of any crime; and a Calabrian, arrested at Faro by the Sicilian authorities, confessed that he had been employed by the Count d'Aquila to assassinate Garibaldi.

While such was the internal state of the kingdom, nothing could be more unsatisfactory than

the foreign relations of the government. The great powers with one consent stood aloof, and insisted on non-intervention. Even Austria, though conscious that the success of the popular movement in Naples would wake up an insurrection in Venetia, did no more than place ships at the King's disposal to fly in, and a refuge at Vienna when the flight was accomplished.

The reports current about the attempt to form an alliance with Piedmont were characteristic. It was asserted—not merely in Naples, but also in Paris and London—that Count Cavour had proffered the aid of Sardinia, on condition that Naples should declare war against Austria, and send fifty thousand men to attack the celebrated quadrilateral; that the King should travel for six months; the Royal family be all banished, and the capital put into the hands of Sardinia. German papers did all that in them lay to blacken the popular cause, and circulated an anecdote of an old man being murdered by the people, merely because he had received alms at the hands of the King.

But, whatever might be the intentions of

Francis as to the bombardment of Naples,—and there was little in his character to induce either his subjects or strangers to take a very favourable view of his policy,—it was generally believed that he was not deficient in personal courage, and that he would not forsake his kingdom, without at least a struggle. No means were left untried to secure the fidelity of the army. The King spent nearly all his time with his soldiers; and upon some—the Bavarians and Swiss, for instance—there seemed every reason to believe he might rely. Those who were drawn out of Sicily were burning to revenge their defeat; and, in spite of the personal unpopularity of the King, and the general feeling on the part of the nation in favour of Garibaldi and annexation, the royal cause was by no means a desperate one.

The Neapolitan Army was at this time (the middle of 1860) formidable by its numbers; it consisted of one hundred and thirty thousand troops of all arms; but among these at least ten thousand who called themselves National Volun-

teers, were notoriously in the French interest, and could only be relied on to serve the King so long as no opportunity occurred of manifesting their Bonapartist tendencies. Then there were about fifteen thousand "*sanfedesti*" and ex-police agents, safe enough as far as their good will went, but altogether inexperienced in soldiering; and eighty thousand regular troops, besides foreign mercenaries and the National Guard.

The cavalry were the best and finest men, and well horsed, but provided only with the old flint-lock carbine, with smooth bore. On the other hand, the infantry were nearly all raw recruits, quite young, ill-fed, ill-officered, and having but little *esprit de corps*; their uniform was little more than a blue calico tunic and loose trousers, and their arms perfectly in keeping. The service could hardly be a favourite one, the pay being low, and there was scarcely any other inducement. A captain received only about £28 per annum, and promotion was extremely slow. The National Guard was ill-treated systematically, as quite likely to turn against the King, and was provided with arms and ammunition

accordingly. The nipples of their muskets were of cast iron, and they were far more dangerous to their own ranks than to any probable adversaries. It will hardly be thought strange that desertions should be frequent; in fact, during the whole of this period, executions for this cause were of frightfully constant occurrence. Officers of the highest rank were suspected and arrested; and when the powder magazine at Pizzo exploded and destroyed many lives, and a large part of the town, it was believed by all who were familiar with the circumstances, that it had not taken place by accident.

General Filangieri, who cannot be regarded as a very devoted Liberal, drew up a very mild form of charter; but the King, as he himself stated, flung it in his face, and expressed his determination to rule as his father had done. Three entrenched camps were formed of sixteen thousand men each, at Reggio, Montaleone, and Paolo, all in Calabria; and the necessity of this was the more urgent, as by the middle of August Garibaldi was believed to possess three hundred vessels of all sizes, and

to be ready to throw from twenty to twenty-four thousand men on the Continent.

The great preponderance of numbers was, undoubtedly, on the side of the royal troops, but these were partly wavering in their fidelity and partly discouraged by the wondrous success of the enemy. At the best they had not had any great reputation for bravery. Ferdinand I. had declared, after various changes in costume, "Dress them as you like, they will be sure to run away." Ferdinand II. had suggested that back plates were more important than breast-plates, and if neither Francis I. nor Francis II. had the credit of similar remarks, it was not because they were supposed to have a better opinion of their troops, but simply because no one ever suspected them of wit. Even had the troops been as good as they really were the reverse, the wide spread of disaffection made it necessary to scatter them. One strong body was obliged to be in the Abruzzi, a still stronger force was required to guard the defiles of the Calabrias. Otranto and Bari required a contingent, and it was extremely improbable

that more than forty thousand troops could be concentrated at Naples.

The royal forces, in leaving Sicily, had attempted to find employment for the patriots by setting at liberty upwards of eight thousand malefactors confined in the various prisons of the islands, but, strange to say, these liberated convicts gave little or no trouble to the authorities, Garibaldi had been declared Dictator, and in no instance did the brigands interfere with the progress of the dictator's arms. The king's government now took umbrage at the presence of the French, English, and Sardinian fleets in the Neapolitan waters, alleging that they interfered with the freedom of action on the part of his Majesty's forces, and required that they should remove out of gunshot distance, but the Ambassadors replied that the fleets were there to protect the lives and properties of their countrymen, and that the king's request could not be complied with. In consequence of this and certain other indications of a similar nature, the king deter-

mined to raise his popularity among the troops by a step which could hardly, as he imagined, fail to be effective. He raised their pay from one to two carlini per day, and the result of the measure was, apparently, all that he could have desired, but a day or two afterwards some of these very troops declined to march into Calabria, and said that, if Garibaldi would give three carlini, they would all go over to him.

At length the event so much dreaded took place. Day by day, for nearly a month, the journals throughout Europe had announced telegrams, giving the particulars of Garibaldi's landing on the main land, till all rumours of the kind were treated as suppositions, when, on August the 20th, the liberator actually did effect a landing, and disembarked from two to three thousand of his followers at Melite, and, marching upon Reggio, took possession of that town. This landing was, as was expected, the signal of insurrection elsewhere. The Royal Intendente at Potenza, a town of importance, considerably to the north, proclaimed a provisional government

with himself at its head. The National Guard at Naples tendered its resignation on the ground that the king had not disbanded his foreign troops. While, on his side, Francis took the command of the army into his own hands, gave important parts to his brothers, the Counts of Trani and Caserta, and reduced the only good officer who remained faithful to him—General Pianelli, the Minister of War, to a subordinate post. While these steps were taken, and the king was making up his mind to remain at Naples, and there await the enemy, virtually acknowledging thereby that the rest of the kingdom was, for the present at least, lost to him, the minister of the interior, Liborio Romano, addressed a note to the local authorities respecting the elections, urging them to do their duty in the choice of fit candidates, and assuring them that the government had no favourites, and put forth no list.

The position of the ministry throughout these difficulties was an anomalous one. The exigencies of the case required that they should be liberal to an extent that no ministry of the late

or present king could ever have been before. Their sympathies were with Garibaldi and Victor Emanuel, while they were compelled to treat the one as an open enemy, and the other as an unreliable ally. Unable to countenance the revolutionary committees, they were yet obliged to rely on them for keeping the nation, or rather the capital, tranquil; and while they were the ministers of Francis II., they were calmly awaiting the inevitable termination of his reign and their own administration. All the acts of the government had evident respect to this catastrophe, and the sole object of the king's advisers seemed to be enable him to fall decently. As the month of August advanced, province after province declared for insurrection and established provisional governments; and before its close the city of Naples and a small circuit road about it, were all that remained in an unwilling allegiance to the royal cause.

The Count of Syracuse, before his departure, addressed a letter to his nephew, in which he advised him, unconditionally, to abdicate, and

took care that copies of the letter should be circulated in great numbers among the people. The Court affected to regard the constitution which had been solemnly proclaimed, as in full force and went through the farce of postponing the elections to the 30th of October, and the meeting of the Chambers to a month later. While the naval officers almost universally refused to serve, new parties of revolutionists were daily landed in the very presence of the king's ships, and mutinies on board were of constant occurrence. One measure adopted at this time was very significant. It was resolved to destroy all traces of the dungeons and torture chambers in the prisons throughout the kingdom, but whether it was too great a sacrifice, or whether it was thought that there might still be a chance for despotism, in which case all these implements might still be useful, certain it is that the opportunity was thrown away, and a considerable part of the policy of the Neapolitan Bourbons was brought, in due time, to light.

The Garibaldini were now gathering round the

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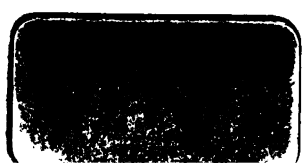
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